

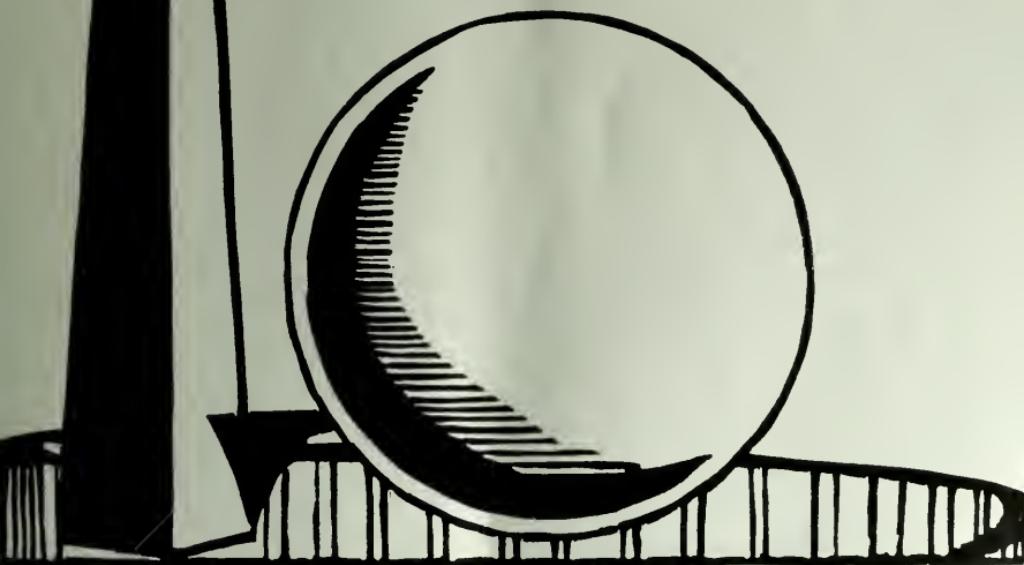




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janet lewis, '39

queen elizabeth and the banshee

by janet lewis, '39

N. B. Although numerous books have recorded the salient facts of Queen Elizabeth's reign and have given us adequate testimony as to her personal life, there is always one incident which is left unmentioned. It is unknown to many, but an old Irish tale whispered from hearth to hearth tells the story which follows.

The frizzled red hair was hidden under a nightcap. A last tug at her gown and Elizabeth, Queen of England, climbed into bed. No evening prayers for such as she—that would be a concession—and Elizabeth's concessions always expected a material return. With a contented sigh the regent lay motionless, awaiting the blessed oblivion of sleep. For Elizabeth loved sleep, and demanded her full quota of it—undisturbed. Many a promising career had been blighted because some slight sound had clashed with the royal snore.

Two hours of the night have passed, and now the customary gives way for the unworldly. The gray light diffused through the casement windows divides the chamber into numberless squares. Huge shadows and shapes take on the form of furnishings and draperies. And now there enters that which can be blamed on no physical distortion of natural forms, but only upon Elizabeth herself.

A mournful wailing cry pierces the silence of the room and seems to shake the thin frame of the sleeping Queen.

"Oooool-i-loooo! Oooool-i-loooo!" shatters the quiet, and Elizabeth stirs.

As tolerant in sleep as in waking hours, she bellows, "Go away! Who dares disturb our slumbers?"

"I am come from the land unknown. I have left the heights of yon starry sphere to sing this dirge in a mortal ear."

This brought Elizabeth to a sitting position. She peered hastily around the room and squared her shoulders. No mere shadows could intimidate the Queen of England, although perhaps a bit of caution was in order.

"Come now," she said hesitantly. "Who—who are you?"

"Sure, and it's an ignorant person ye are, milady," replied the mysterious voice. "Now, who could have told me that one would not know my call and shudder at the very echo. Well, I may as well inform ye: I'm a banshee."

Elizabeth strained her eyes into the shadows of her bedchamber. The queenen wrath was roused.

"Indeed!" she cried. "Must even our sleep be ruined by you Irish buffoons? Leave immediately lest we summon the guards!" In lieu of reinforcements she picked up the slipper which lay at the side of her bed.

"Ah, there's nothin' ye can be hittin' with that," laughed the ghostly visitor. "It takes more than mortal eyes to see *me*," it added proudly.

Elizabeth dropped the slipper and took stock of the situation for a moment. In those days of superstition and witchcraft she was not surprised at a supernatural visitation. In her most regal tones she spoke.

"We await your message. Be warned, we shall not brook your insolence much longer. Speak!"

"It's insolence now, is it?" queried the banshee. "And me travelin' here out of the goodness of my heart with a word of advice for ye, milady. You're not in favor with the powers that be, and I'm here to give ye a hint to set yourself right."

The Queen's voice was rich in irony. "Indeed, we are grateful for this interest. And what needs to be set right?"

"Well, let's settle this Irish question, for example. Milady, there are some who call ye—well, no matter; but others have named you Good Queen Bess. Won't ye earn that name?" The voice seemed to be coming nearer. Elizabeth restrained a shudder but found herself unable to interrupt his eloquence. "Hasn't enough blood been shed? They are human beings there—the same as ye are, milady, and some a good deal prouder. Call halt to all this killing and seek a peaceful solution. Given a chance, arguin' will go a long way."

"Yes, and you arguin' has gone on quite long enough," replied Elizabeth. "However, we shall see what can be done in the morning."

"Fine, fine. They told me it would do no good to appeal to ye, beside the fact that all this lowers my dignity, but it is proof that even the worst of us will hear an honest plea."

Suddenly, the room seemed barren of another presence, and Elizabeth realized he was gone. With the fine disregard that the true devotee of slumber has for interruptions, the Queen sank back upon her pillows and again slept peacefully. The disturbing moments of the night would not concern her until morning, and then only as the memory of a rather intense dream.

A fortnight passed, and in the press of State affairs the nocturnal visitation was forgotten. During this time the turbulent discussions of the Irish question were the main concern of the court. Messengers arrived bearing the latest news, and new demands by the Irish chief gave rise to their bitter denunciation. The question of a treaty or continued fighting arose again. Finally in anger and exasperation Elizabeth said: "We must end this trouble by any means at hand. Inform my Lord Deputy that he must quench this fire of rebellion and subdue Ireland forever!"

We come now to the night, a few weeks later, of the slaughter of Mullaghmast. Once more Elizabeth's slumbers are disturbed by the chilling moan of the banshee. So, then, it hadn't been just a dream. The shuddering intensity of his cry made her wonder how she had been able to dismiss it as a mere phantasm of the night. No friendly greeting reached her ears, however, as his wild, unearthly wailing dropped to a solemn melancholy strain, and words took form.

"Long may the curse of their people pursue ye. One glimpse of heaven's light may thee never see."

Elizabeth's attempted protests fell unheeded against the accusing voice as in bitter words he denounced the massacre of Irish chiefs with their families and retinues even then taking place under the English flag of truce.

Thunderstruck, with her hands over her ears, Elizabeth endeavored to shut out the voice of her accuser. Dimly she became aware that the flow of maledictions had ceased. Now he was telling her that her ruthlessness had severed his alliance with her.

"For ye have defeated yourself alone. I cannot reach one who lacks a heart and I am done you ye."

Thereafter it was not the faces of slaughtered Irishmen that appeared to her at night, nor their voices crying out that disturbed her dreams with the memory of trust betrayed, but a mournful wail in the treetops on moonlit nights and a sense of a presence silent and aloof, filling her with a strange desolation.



by november

The year no longer laughs.
At last she remembers Spring
Who died unmourned in May.
She drapes the skies in grey,
She sends a sullen wind on wings
Of sorrow with a dirge to sing.
She broods—
Forgetful of October's carefree moods
And the careless spill
Of scarlet down the hill.

marie birmingham, '40.

"the poetical will to believe"

by jane walsh, '39

Coleridge's contribution to Romanticism is singularly supplementary to Wordsworth's and no one has realized this more fully than Coleridge himself, who describes so vividly the origination of the *Lyrical Ballads*. "During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours," writes Coleridge, "our conversation turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination." It was to the second of these cardinal points that Coleridge was to direct his efforts and as a result we have his little group of poems dealing with the supernatural, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, *Kubla Khan*, *Love*, and the *Dark Ladie*. We shall confine our discussion to the first poem of this group, with only mention of the others.

The scene of the Mariner's narrative is the highly imaginative "land of ice and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen." Here we have the spectre bark with the spectre woman and her death mate. There comes to haunt us:

"The spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of ice and snow."

That pious bird of good omen, the *albatross*, has supernatural powers and his death must be avenged in a horrible manner. A supernatural motion propels the Mariner's bark and the Mariner himself is cast into a trance. These are but a few of the supernatural elements entering into *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

The poet sails a perilous sea when he enters the realm of the supernatural, for there is always the reader, who demands that the tale approximate a certain degree of credibility. The magic spell of minstrelsy depends upon the reader's "poetical will to believe." This will to believe is a part of a long literary tradition. It is in fact the very root upon which literature has been builded. To be aware of this we have only to remember the mighty *Nibelungenlied* or the *Volsung Saga*. All that the author must do to achieve what Coleridge has termed "the willing suspension of disbelief" is to stimulate the reader's poetical will to believe. The stimulant need not be strong. The reader of poetry will

place himself in the hands of the poet and often upon slight provocation will go the full way of the imaginative flight, provided, of course, that the initial credibilizing effect is sustained throughout. In *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* the credibilizing effect is conventional, that of the intrusion of the Wedding Guest upon the Mariner's narrative. In the very beginning the spell is cast upon the Wedding Guest, and upon the reader as well, when:

"He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding Guest stood still,
And listens like a three year's child;
The Mariner hath his will.

"The Wedding Guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear";

This last line is significant. The Wedding Guest cannot choose but hear and yet he can and often does doubt and when his common sense tells him it cannot be, he interrupts with:

"I fear thee, Ancient Mariner!"

But how far does our fancy roam. Even a Romantic poet like Coleridge cannot escape from reality. We might even ask whether the works of the imagination are not of necessity so based upon reality that originality pure and simple is nonexistent—but that question belongs to another discussion. We are here concerned with the elements of the real which the poet presents to the reader. Let us assume the attitude of the willing suspension of disbelief and say that the events described in *The Ancient Mariner* are real, just as real as the universal experiences which Wordsworth uses as the basis for his part of the *Lyrical Ballads*. What, then, is the effect of these experiences upon the principal character, the Mariner? He now appears thoroughly human and psychologically sound. The realness of the character creates a credibilizing effect which is sustained throughout the narrative. It is this realness of character which accounts for the moralizing strain of

We have mentioned *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, *Kubla Khan*, *Christabel*, *Love and the Dark Ladie* as Coleridge's contribution to the romantic movement because by them, and especially the first two, at a time when the scope of poetry was being narrowed by the widening scope of prose, he rescued the supernatural from the comparative oblivion of medievalism and demonstrated that it lies authentically within the domain of poetry.

wordsworth and the french revolution

by grace f. brennan, '39

Wordsworth passed his boyhood among the hills in the lake country of England. Amid such surroundings he became intensely interested in nature, and until he was twenty-two years old, this love of nature held a pre-eminent place in his interest and affections. "Nature was for him a passion, a rapture, a love always new. Man was an occasional delight, an accidental grace, a figure in a picture." Brought up as he had been, man to him was another manifestation of nature—good and fine, tainted by nothing.

The French Revolution opened his eyes, and turned his thoughts outward. Man, human affairs, and a fiery enthusiasm to better society became the center of his thoughts; he dreamed of an ideal republic arising from the Revolution.

In the Prelude he says:

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!"

Such was the spirit of the young man who crossed the Channel, and came face to face with the facts of the Revolution.

In France, Michel Beaupuy became his most intimate friend. It was he who acquainted the youth with the real facts of the rebellion.

Wordsworth tells us while walking one day with Beaupuy:

"We chanced one day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who crept along, fitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane
Its sustenance, while the girl with her two hands
Was busy knitting, in a heartless mood
Of solitude."

In that instant all Wordsworth's fiery zeal for the Revolution was eclipsed; he wished he might do something extraordinary for the French cause; perhaps he might even become a martyr. Before he could do anything rash, however, his friends in England forced him back.

But he went back to England a changed man. He had become a "patriot of humanity"; man dominated his thoughts. He had been humanized.

Wordsworth did not forget what he had seen and felt in France. In the years that followed his visit his poems abound in the cry for liberty, liberty for all nations.

"Ye men of prostrate mind!
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
But that's a loyal virtue never sown
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!"

Calais, 1802.

"Venice the eldest Child of Liberty

.....
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away."

On Extinction of Venetian Republic

"One decree
Spake laws to them, and said that, by the Soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free."

1802.

With the failure of the Revolution, Wordsworth's faith in man crumbled. His emotional enthusiasm for liberty, equality, fraternity left him. All that remained was the bare philosophy of the revolutionists. These he examined most carefully.

"I summoned my best skill and toiled intent
To anatomicize the fame of social life,
Yea, the whole body of society,
Searched to the heart."

Wordsworth diagnosed his philosophical explorations in "The Borderers," a drama in blank verse. Then he turned his back on the hollow philosophy of the Revolution, and with the aid of his sister Dorothy he turned to his original love, nature. However, experience gave him much. Now he saw not only the beauty of nature itself, but something beyond that, something spiritual, something intangible; he became a leader in the transcendental movement.

Thus the French Revolution had a very definite effect on William Wordsworth. It was this historic event which first awoke in him a genuine interest in humanity; then, when it failed, it plunged him into philosophical distress, and from this he turned his thoughts inward and found something on which he could build a transcendent knowledge and faith.

golden boy

by marie birmingham, '40

Rupert Brooke is the expression of an ideal of youth. He is gay, vivid, eager, wonderfully alive. He can say things of breathtaking beauty, of striking freshness. What is apparently commonplace he knows to be immortal; the usual, the trivial, the unnoticed become through his power

From his lightspun dreams, from his glorious patriotism, from all his "scented store of song and flower and sky and lace" he draws the stuff of which he fashions poetry. He is "drunk on the red sweet wine of youth," filled with an irrepressible *joie de vivre*. He is preoccupied with himself and with other people as they contact him. He is interested, too, in nature and in the fixtures of existence, but in the main they are no more than accessories, accompaniments to the emotion and intellect of men in general and of Brooke himself in particular. He strides down the courtyards of eternity, he draws the infinite close to earth. He seeks and finds

"The pain, the calm, the astonishment,
Desire illimitable and still content."

He sees, he feels, he hears the myriad wonders of life. He avidly drinks in its essence with his every sense. To him the greatest tragedy is mutability. He knows that "laughter dies with the lips, love with the lover"; that even "youth goes over and the joys that fly, the tears that follow fast . . . lie forgotten at the last"; he finds that all that he has so fervently loved must change, must disappear. His vivid imagination is often deeply mystic; he sees a

"Light on waving grass, he knows not when,
And feet that ran, but where he cannot tell."

It is in such a mood that he gives us the high intuition of *Blue Evening*:

"My restless blood now lies a-quiver
Knowing that always, exquisitely,
This April twilight on the river
Stirs anguish in the heart of me.
For the fast world in that rare glimmer
Puts on the witchery of a dream,
The straight grey buildings, richly dimmer,
The fiery windows, and the stream
With willows leaning quietly over,
The still ecstatic fading skies . . .
And all these, like a waiting lover,
Murmur and gleam, lift lustrous eyes,
Drift close to me, and sideways bending,
Whisper delicious words . . . "

This most exquisite of lyrics is clear evidence of the poetic genius that was Rupert Brooke's. But such "shattering ecstasy," such an "intolerable radiance of wings," inevitably give rise to a swift revulsion of feeling, "Amazed with sorrow" he turns from "the splendour and the pain"; he indulges in pseudo-sophistication; he stoops to the merely clever. However, these occasions are infrequent and greatly outweighed by the remainder of his poetry. It would have been well had he had a little time to

"think of a thousand things,
Lovely and durable, and taste them slowly,
One after one like tasting a sweet food,"

Maturity of concept is sometimes wanting; maturity of technique is present even in his earliest work. He has a great affection for sounds; words to him are as actual and as beautiful as the realities they represent. Deft creation of mood and pictorial effect by means of clean-carved expression characterizes his poetry. He never seems to strive for an effect; he achieves it naturally and to an extraordinary degree of perfection. The single thin volume that is the total of his work contains almost nothing that is not wonderfully well written.

What might have happened had not the war sent Rupert Brooke

"with unreluctant tread
Rose-crowned into the darkness"

it is not possible to say. We can only know that he left

" a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining place, under the night."

a challenge

by agatha walsh, '40

Most women have always calmly, and perhaps wisely, accepted the second place on the human scale. Their position has usually been that of inferior beings for even the most progressive civilizations have regarded women as lesser men. Of course, women worthy of the name, have never really believed themselves mentally inferior to men. But some women, and sadly enough some contemporary females, seem not only to have accepted the second place but also to be thoroughly satisfied with it. This may have been bearable in the Dark Ages but when even one modern woman is found to be in this state of mind the time has come to declare openly and to prove that the long vaunted superiority of the male is a myth.

Men have been considered superior to women because they have been the rulers, scientists, inventors, fighters, writers and intellectuals of the world. But women, too, have been all these things and more. What of queens like Cleopatra of Egypt, who is known the world over; Elizabeth and Victoria of England, who gave their names to the eras in which they lived; empresses such as Catherine the Great of Russia, the first modern despot, and Maria Theresa of Austria, who defended her kingdom against the armies of Prussia, France and Spain.

As scientists, too, women have not been found wanting. Take for example women like Mary Somerville, who mastered the science of mathematics unaided and then wrote treatises such as her famous one "On Curves and Surfaces of Higher Orders" just to fill up her morning hours. Others like Marie Bovin, the first great doctor of modern times and Mme. Lavoisier, a chemist who did as much for science in her day as our well known Mme. Curie. But unlike Mme. Curie none of these other women gained much renown for their work for the Scientific Societies of their day refused to recognize and record their work merely because they were women. It is only recently that their scientific contributions to the world have been recognized and acknowledged. Few people realize that it was women who invented the distaff, the loom and the knife; who laid the foundations of agriculture and architecture; who first piped water and used sails to propel a boat. They were the first potters, basket weavers, furriers, tailors and shoemakers. Women discovered fire and domesticated animals, learned the arts of linen weaving and silk manufacturing. All ancient records attest to these facts and show that man was only liberated from hunting

and warfare by woman's inventiveness. Men later stepped in and specialized these inventions but women deserve the credit for their actual discovery.

And so, too, as fighters, there were women like Joan of Arc, a brave warrior, and others like Clara Barton and Susan B. Anthony, women who fought for a cause and won. We can be proud of them just as we can be proud of the many women who have succeeded in the literary field, especially in modern times. However, you may say that famous women are few when compared with famous men. But think of the countless numbers of women of rare mental power there must have been, who were denied knowledge and whose genius was ruthlessly suppressed from the cradle to the grave. Those who succeeded did so in the face of the greatest opposition and must have had mental abilities and moral qualities of unsurpassable proportions.

We have said nothing of the strides women have taken in this, the twentieth century, because they speak for themselves in showing just what women can do. After less than fifty years of restricted educational opportunities and a small measure of equality women are coming up to men in business, the professions, in literature, in science and the arts. The fact that woman began to come into her own in the twentieth century will be remembered when its other achievements are dust and its civilization only a memory. We ask all women to remember that intelligence, like genius, has no sex and that physical prowess is only a secondary quality. And then to realize that as women, the fortunate women of the twentieth century, they have a sacred duty to go forward, brushing aside all thoughts of inferiority and incapability, and to rise to new heights and new levels of achievement. As their sisters of ages ago led man from barbarism to civilization they can lead the men of today out of the new barbarism that is enveloping them and make real the ideal world mankind has almost despaired of.

white peonies

Sweet life has ever seemed to me
As a garden full of peonies
That I might love—
For I have ever loved white peonies
And I have often longed to masquerade as pirate bee:
To rest within their hearts and sense
The softness of their petals and their sweet perfume.
But I have never been so close to peonies,
Have seen them only from the strictures of the garden parks
And caught their fragrant scent upon the evening air.
Yet often have I seen their fragile beauty die
While I who loved them so, yet ever kept aloof,
Have felt faint pity rise, when silently passed on.

s. d. m.

little old bagdad on long island

by marjorie burns, '39

A myriad of blue and white marble caressed by a friendly sun, pinnacles pointing unfalteringly towards an iridescent sky, chromium, alabaster and staccato red—the lure of the Sesame of Arabian Nights—the perfection of twentieth century architecture! If you're wondering, we mean our own New York World's Fair of 1939. One sunny day this last October, we drove out to the historic site and spent a very pleasant half hour with young Mr. John Blum, Assistant in the very important office of the Research Department. Technically speaking, you might term the object of our trip, an interview, but we found Mr. Blum so very friendly and altogether obliging that we would prefer to call it—a visit.

No doubt you would like to know something of this young man who holds so vital a post. To our great surprise, and probably yours, he is remarkably young, possibly twenty-six, possessed of blue-gray eyes, light brown hair and well-defined features. You know instinctively that he is capable. How? Perhaps in the way that he reaches forward for that ever-interrupting telephone or maybe in the steady, convincing quality of his voice or the frank gaze of his eyes on the person to whom he is speaking. You suspect that we approved Mr. Blum. Well, confidentially, we did, and you would too, for he is just that sort of person.

The object of the Research Department, we learned, is to supply all types of factual information on past fairs and expositions to those corporations who seek minute accuracy in their exhibits. Mr. Blum indicated that one of the primary historical "tie-ups" would be the commemoration of President Washington's Inauguration. Here, he pointed out, with a loyal pride in his Director, the status of Dr. Frank Monahan, Professor of American History at Yale University and Head of the Research Department at the Fair, is of undeniable importance. All questions, therefore, relevant to Washington's era, would be referred to the learned Doctor. The staff of the Department consists usually of four or five men, incidentally one of whom has known diplomatic service for ten years, and two or three young women. Their qualifications—and the answer seems to be typical of exponents of varied successful fields,—a broad cultural background preferably combining a speaking and reading knowledge of many foreign languages.

Did he enjoy his work? "It's fascinating," and you can feel very sure that he meant it sincerely. We were interested to know a little of

the background of this young man who had come to such a responsible position—and believe it or not, our Mr. Blum was equally reluctant to tell us "all about himself!" Persistent probing banished a little of that reserve and we found him to be an alumnus of Yale, and later Harvard Business School. Post-college days brought endeavor in the line of promotion and public relations. But as far as deliberately planning a course of study in the path of his present field, Mr. Blum shook his head in a decided "no." "A case of pure interest," he told us; "I just liked that type of work." We looked about that sunny, well equipped, efficient office and understood.

Typical of the work accomplished was the Information Bulletin, issued by the Research Department, covering nearly every point of information a visitor to the Fair might seek to learn. To illustrate its completeness of detail, the bulletin contains even the derivations and meanings of words of tomorrow which will trace heritage to the Fair of 1939.

The Research Department, Mr. Blum told us, will function through the entire duration of the Fair, working towards the goal of absolute factual accuracy in every detail. As for employment for college graduates in that particular field, frankly, he told us, that it was very much of a "closed proposition," but to the legion of other positions relative to the operation of the Fair, the graduate of '39 might well devote her attention. If Mr. Blum is any example of the success a college graduate can hope to achieve, we can feel well encouraged on the ordinary gloomy outlook.

Our purpose was accomplished and a most interesting half hour drawn to a close when we rose to take leave of the Research Department and its Assistant Head. Our thanks were inadequate but we venture to say that if the courtesy, efficiency and friendliness which pervade the spirit of the Administration Building and the Fair Grounds are any evidence of the character of the New York Exposition, it will not be long before that well-known epithet of "Southern hospitality" will make its way to include the North.

"adieu"

A tear-stained cheek, a mournful sigh,
Is that the way to say "Good-bye"?
A bursting heart with love so true,
Is that the way one bids "Adieu"?
Which ever way you choose to tell,
Just say, "Je t'aime," and fond "Farewell."

viola merlino, '42.

the world of tomorrow

by elinor monaghan, '40

Step into the World's Fair Grounds and you enter a magic land, unreal, fantastic—the visionary "World of Tomorrow." Buildings, revolutionary in design, colored with intense blues, raucous yellows and brilliant orange, decorated with vivid and startlingly modern murals, stand out in sharp contrast to the everyday outside world. A tall skeleton of steel stretches high into the high, a huge ball nestles at its base—the trylon and perisphere in transition. Even the humble roses bordering the paths are forced to climb modernistic trellises. Everything about the fair is bold and striking, an insight into the world of tomorrow as the modern architect and artist see it.

The visitor's first reaction is an involuntary gasp at the eccentric shapes and the brilliant colors of the buildings stretching before him. After growing accustomed to this futuristic painting come to life, he begins to see that here is careful and definite planning.

The fair is divided into zones, each zone occupying an area of about ten miles and radiating from the Theme Center. Each one of these zones has its own focal point, each is an architectural unit and each represents a single aspect of the world of tomorrow. The Fair itself has constructed five exhibits which will serve as introductions to the commercial exhibits and will present the basic story of each zone. This arrangement of zones is to enable the visitor to see the Fair with a maximum of ease and profit and a minimum of fatigue.

So, gradually the plan unfolds. A long, low white building, for example, is the central building of what promises to be a fascinating zone, the zone of Community Interests. Here will be grouped exhibits in town planning, schools, sports, recreation and a huge miscellany of other occupations and interests of a socially conscious community. Without them no picture of the future for the average citizen would be complete.

Another interesting zone is the one devoted to communications. At its focal center, twin pylons, one hundred and sixty feet high, painted a brilliant red, beckon to the television exhibit which will be one of the most ambitious in the whole Fair.

It is the plan of the management that as the visitor goes about the Fair he will have a perspective that subordinates all the exhibits to a harmonious design of future life as it is related to the common things he himself wears, eats and uses.

Even the color scheme at the Fair has a plan. What at first seems to be only a potpourri of brilliant hues, relieved once in a while by all white, actually is a carefully planned color arrangement based on the progression of the spectrum. Starting from the Theme Center, whose trylon and perisphere will be a soft, sparkling white, each avenue will display a progression of color values. The Avenue of Pioneers is a sequence of blues from pale tints to deep ultramarine; in another avenue there are similar gradations of yellow. Into this frame of color are set the buildings, each harmoniously related to the adjoining one and to the whole scheme. The idea is not without its practical side, since visitors will be able to ascertain their location on a plan of the Fair blocked out in colors.

Will this architecture and color scheme have lasting results? This remains to be seen. The Columbian Exposition of 1893 had a vast influence on architecture, especially that of public buildings. But the Chicago World's Fair left no similar mark on the country.

Many of the buildings show what great strides modern architecture has made and how practical and beautiful it can be. Others are decidedly ugly and not functional.

The only conclusion that seems justified at this early date is that there will certainly be a clash of opinions as to whether the Fair is Art.

decrepancy

Age jumps upon you—so I've been told,
When you're a child, you are said to be bold
Because you just sigh and you moon and you weep
When Father and Mother say youth you must keep.

A primary school graduate—my what a thrill!
Your heels an inch higher, your dress has a frill.
But now comes the moment your parents just hate
Alas and alack! Your first formal date.

To you he's just gorgeous, he's handsome, divine
But you'll soon discover they all have a "line."
They'll take you to parties, to dances and shows
You're getting much older, your "bows" are now "beaux."

Your college career begins with a bang!
A group of new girls and you all form a gang.
To Father and Mother you're growing too fast
But to Sophs, Juns, and Seniors your youth seems to last.

As a "Frosh," you're just babies, mere children at heart,
When a "Soph" you're much older, and have a good start,
And now comes a Junior as brilliant as gold!
But when you're a Senior—Gosh, it's tough to be old!

viola merlino, '42.

the world of tomorrow on a gloomy sunday

by kathleen a. ford, '31

N. B.—Have you visited the World's Fair site yet? If not, we advise you to make the trip, for it's well worth the effort. One of our alumnae came away with this impression:

Confusion in the heavens|—someone laid a shabby cloak of gray against the sun|. Torn and whipped by wind, | it settled dismally around us|— and the stars|—the stars shone not at night.

Confusion on the earth|—what lunatic would thus bedeck | the ashes of the past? What fool with palette knife would lay | the savage paint of youth | upon an old hag's cheek?

Confusion in the mind|—fragmentary arcs|—which never in this world will be | one circle of perfection. | Lines, | with sudden startings and no true destination.

* * * *

Do you remember how we ran? | The present stifled and we sought | the gate into tomorrow. | Do you remember how our footsteps pounded|—how time with futile fingers tore upon our brains? | We fled the present and we made | the mad escape. |

* * * *

Tomorrow's world—how eagerly we sought. | Cool amongst the stars|—slender shafts yet strong|—steadfast in the silence and the peace. |

* * * *

But someone had been there—

* * * *

Someone had been there|—and tore the blue from out the sky. | Startled with the cold | it lay carelessly on earth. | Towers tumbled | and there was a noise of great confusion. | Distorted shapes lay dumbly and besought | the heavens with gaunt eyes. | And someone with a bruitish hand | had dashed the rainbow into splinters. | He ground them into earth with coarse and violent glee | and smeared them all about. | And on the rim |—The hopes of nations stood |—forlorn— | forsaken— | livid ghosts who stalked | in skeletons of steel.

But someone had been there.

Someone had been there|—who laid | the comfort of the grass against the earth.

poems

on a stormy night

Ah nature, what dost thou with this bitter mood tonight?
The restless ocean heaves impassioned sighs;
Its giant bosom moves in stifled sobs;
And through the trembling trees, the wild winds moan and wail
And beat and bend the boughs in desperate rage.
There on the sky's dark face
The clouds of angry passion gather now—
And wherefore this?
Hast thou some secret sorrow or some hidden shame
That thou should'st mourn?
Ah, then! let fall from those heavy-laden skies
The burning tears of sorrow or repentence due—
For, nature, surely thou must understand
There is no sorrow bitter like unto
The hidden sobbing of the heavy heart within.

s. d. m.

lunesaqua

The shining beach
And the returning tide—

The silver stream
And a flaming columbine;

The tall pine
And the single stem;

You and my heart.

marie birmingham, '40.

to —

You are a song unsung, a mouth unkissed,
A half-spun dream, a vision lost,
A lyric strangely, still.

I the singer, I the lover,
I the dreamer shocked awake,
I the wild mad singer with a voice gone shrill.

marie birmingham, '40.



mary mc mahon, '39.

poems

manhattan merry-go-round

The painted horses madly run
Around the well-worn ring;
They point their noses at the sun—
Pegasus on the wing.

And even though they're really old
Their faces have been lifted,
Their tired hairs' been tinted gold
With youth external they are gifted.

marie birmingham, '40.

selene

proud and cold have I been
Beloved, unloving,
goddess omnipotent of my heart;
and I would be still

had you not been sleeping there
with sweet-grass beneath and bay above
sweet-lipped on the dark grass, golden,
warm and golden even in my silver light.

marie birmingham, '40.

welcome to rain

I will gladly bid you welcome, gentle rain,
And will lift a burning face to your tender, soft caress, lovely rain,
As you come a solace sweet to each sorrow-laden heart, soothing rain.
For I see in you the tears
Of great love and bitter pain, fruitful rain.
Tears in bitterness that fall
Ere kind nature yet brings forth
The beauty and the loveliness about me.
Yet more oft I think of you
As great tears of loving care, mystic rain;
Tears that fall as grace divine
From two silent, haunting eyes
That do look upon this new Jerusalem—
And then my heart is light
For all its care.

s. d. m.



Pauline Cavagnaro, '39.

extra-curricular page

It is the intention of the staff that LORIA contain an account of the current activities of the many societies and clubs organized in the College. Space does not permit that every society be represented in this issue. If your club is not contained in the Fall publication, look for the Christmas issue, which will carry a complete write-up of those societies omitted here.

dramatic society

We have always tried to give our weekly dramatic club get-together the air of open house, where talk flows as freely as in a backstage room. Here the budding Thespian can air her views on theater and actor alike. For it is in those same backstage retreats that ideas germinate for some of the most brilliant productions staged.

We plan our major production—a three-act comedy, for February 17th. Aside from that, there will be a one-act play coming up soon for the Fathers' Club. A chuckle-provoking tidbit, it is entitled, "A World Without Men." Following this, "The Devil on Stilts," will be presented on Parents' Day, November 20th. Three other short plays, as yet unchosen, will make their appearance later in the term.

Besides these, the members will be periodically entertained by lectures on the theater and also by plays enacted by fellow members.

We continue this semester under the able direction of Robert Cass, who has in the past proved to be a worthy bulwark of our society. So with last year's success fading into the background of pleasant memory, we hopefully look forward to a really fruitful "dramatic" year.

Anastasia Linardos, '39.

the glee club

Man loves to sing. The quality of his contribution to the realm of music may be negligible, but he expresses his sensitiveness to the exquisite by the earnestness of his efforts. With this broad principle in mind, former students of St. Joseph's founded a Glee Club. One aim has been its guiding spirit—no member need have exceptional talent, though we welcome it, nor is lack of musical knowledge a bar to membership.

Our program comprised, among other things, a joint concert with Manhattan College, a recital for Parents' Day, and of course, our own concert. Since man does not live by "bread alone," we have been encouraged to continue this year. We hope to repeat some of the programs of last year and to add some new features.

It is fitting that we attempt to give to others that which we have enjoyed. Therefore, we hope, that our concert in honor of the High School Seniors will be the means of bringing many new members from the Freshman Class of 1942.

If at the close of this year, under the direction of Mr. Edward Slattery and the leadership of Miss George, we have succeeded in proving our love and gratification to our Alma Mater, then we have accomplished our foremost objective.

florence mc gough, '40.

social service

In former years Social Service confined a large part of its activities within the college, making baby clothes, rosary beads and scrapbooks. This year, however, we are endeavoring to spread more of our work outside the college grounds. By joining the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, the Club has been able to put more girls out in the teaching field in the various parishes of Brooklyn and Queens. A greater number than before are working for the Catholic Charities in Brooklyn and Jamaica. This provides contacts and experience that might prove valuable in choosing a career. The work at St. Mary's and Doctor White's Memorial will be carried on for the rest of the year as will also the activities in the college.

marion magee, '39.

swimming club

"The Big Splash." Never a dull moment! From the time the struggle begins until the final conquest or defeat. The struggle, dear friends, is the almighty one which members of the Swimming Club put up to keep the smart suits of the Pierrepont from deserting at the critical moment.

Drop a nickel in the slot—and five girls try to use the hair dryer at once. Aha! That explains the mystery! You know the one about, "Why do the halls teem with girls wearing 'hanging hair' on certain afternoons?"

But it is really fun, so what's a little droopy hair or comic suits among friends? So come all ye faithful and find out. The answer is in the Pierrepont Pool.
margaret williams, '40.

history club

You and I have a world all our own. For four years we are occupied with the problems, obligations, ambitions and joys presented to us in this world which is St. Joseph's. Concerned with momentity and immensity of the situations which challenge us here, we lose our sense of perspective. We forget that there is a vast, active, challenging world of which college is only a part.

College develops and enriches our inner life, yet it also prepares us for active participation in life on this earth. As Catholics we have ideals which the world has not yet attained. As women we are cast to play a very important role in the life about us. Surely, now while we are still in college, we should be interested in the world in which we are to participate.

The History Club by monthly expositions and discussions on current problems with emphasis on their historical backgrounds tries to acquaint us with the political, economic and social world. But it alone can do nothing. We, with our enthusiasm and lively interest, must continue the work placed before us. The History Club stands with but a dim candle, trying to lead the way; we ourselves have the great light.

carmella napoli, '39.

athletic association

Basketball, fencing, group games, tennis and hockey are part of the traditional program of the Athletic Association. This year A. A. hopes to make archery a part of this program and will hold practice on the convent grounds. The varsity will make its first official appearance early in January. Games have already been scheduled with Brooklyn, Hunter and Manhattanville. As a matter of fact and future reference, the date of our traditional game with Manhattanville is March 11th, on our own court. All games are being arranged as two court games. By general consent the colleges of the metropolitan area have dropped three court basketball and have adopted what seems to be a faster and more scientific game. Two court basketball will be introduced in the weekly A. A. classes.

For those who are interested in the less strenuous sports A. A. offers deck tennis, badminton, volley ball and ping-pong. On field day, which is held on the first Saturday in May, the four classes compete for the class championship. Points are awarded to winners in all fields of athletic endeavor. Participation in field day is open to all undergraduates.
jane walsh, '39.

|| may i assist you?

by eileen eichell, '40



Came July and it was time to look about in earnest for our summer quarters. With characteristic determination the St. Joe's girls found just the place, right in the midst of our buzzing metropolis—R. H. Macy's—nineteen floors of unexplored wonders; days of hard work and merry companionship.

Came September and about two hundred "shop-worn" angels trooped back to the familiar home grounds, none the worse for wear. And with us we brought strange tales which we never tire of retelling, for not only are they amusing in themselves, but they go to prove that the salesgirl's lot is not an easy one.

Witness the fact by Helen Rockford's version of salesclerk versus customer. Madame had approached Miss R. and demanded imperiously where she could buy reversible chintz. Helen answered politely that she was afraid Madame was mistaken. There just wasn't any such thing. "However," quoth she sweetly, "perhaps I can help you if you'll tell me what it's for." Madame steadfastly refused, but after a good deal of coaxing replied, "Well, if you must know, it's for my bird's cage. After all, he likes to look at pretty things when he wakes up, just as well as anyone else"—exit one salesclerk! ! !

Speaking of peculiar requests, Madeline Warganz, who works in trimmings, was accosted by a lady who inquired, "Could you tell me where I can get a yard and a half of necking?" Madeline, with extraordinary amount of composure, surmised that this rather confused customer was merely trying to purchase a collar for her dress.

But there's another side to the story. We do not mean to give the impression that all our customers are cranky and queer. As a matter of fact most of them are very friendly and appreciative of our services. Some are even inclined to be sympathetic on noticing that many of us are no more than nineteen or twenty years old.

Apropos of this Elinor Monaghan gleefully tells how one day when left alone at the counter things became extremely busy. While working feverishly, she noticed two rather elderly ladies waiting patiently to be helped. As she approached them Elinor could not help overhearing a part of their conversation:

"What a pity," one of them was saying. "She's only a child and having to work like that."

"Well," the other replied, "You know how it is—probably the oldest in a big family—younger sisters and brothers at home who have to be clothed and fed."

Elinor, with as much dignity as she could assume under the circumstances, proceeded to help the ladies who addressed her with many "dearies" and "loves" and were most solicitous in causing her as little work as possible. Then the very next day Miss M. without any sense of shame went out and spent her whole week's salary on a new hat, utterly neglecting her dozen little brothers and sisters who were starving at home. Truly though it is through experiences like those I have mentioned that we come to love working in Macy's. We can truthfully say that there is never a dull moment.

For instance, Helen Skead, standing idle for a moment, was approached by a dark foreign looking man and asked if it is true that Macy's are firing all the old help and employing refugees from abroad. Helen pertly replied, "Sure, look at me," at which the inquirer hurried away muttering most intelligibly.

Helen also tells the story of a woman who when told the price of a certain article looked horrified and exclaimed, "Why, that's awful, I can do better than that at Macy's." What to do in a case like that—Helen shrugs her shoulders—"ignorance is bliss" is her attitude.

This, however, cannot be the state of mind for Kathleen Farrell because she's "information" in person. We came upon her one day sitting like a queen in a beautiful info box between the escalators—third floor center. It was she who with the usual mischievous giggle told us that Betty Manning was selling something we shouldn't miss. We hurried over to find that Miss Manning sells shrouds! ! ! Rather ghastly, isn't it?

The softest job of all is that of Jean Thompson, who sells behind the candy counter, and believe me, Jean was popular this summer. It is a wonder more of us weren't down with appendicitis. Jean provided us with a good story incidently. At first we were inclined to doubt its authenticity, but she swears by it—so help 'er. A customer wanted to buy some nuts and seeing that there was no girl at the counter walked up the aisle to the candy department and said, "Miss, do you wait on nuts?" With angelic (for the sole sake of justifying the later part of our title) sweetness, Jean replied, "Yes, Madame, I'll be right with you."

fashion disposes—man proposes

by marion noel, '40



tina carbonaro, '40.
art club.

The world of Fashion spins on a dizzy axis, and though we madly scramble to keep pace, we must keep our heads, for the focus today is on hair. It matters not that we have just teased the ends long enough to achieve the semblance of a page boy—Grande Dame Style with her customary perverseness and with one fell swoop announces "sweep up the hair!"

You know us when it comes to what's being done—we have just about as much spine as a jellyfish.

Reluctantly but firmly we gather up the locks and resign ourselves once more to the Inquisition of hair curlers and scrap iron, so jauntily called bobby pins. But, horrors, there are as many

loose ends as has the proverbial porcupine. What to do!

Perhaps the keynote was struck by *Der Fuehrer* (though no doubt he'd deny it) when he said to the boys, "There's nothing left but compromise."

A continental hair stylist returning from abroad says, "Wear your hair neither up nor down"—and as if this weren't mystifying enough, he adds, "Swirl it around."—Shades of the famous music that came out "here"—remember?

Well, if there's anything that will give one a lift between philosophy reports or what have you, it's a new hair-do. At any rate get your *cheveux* off your neck and ears and see what happens to your morale.

Borrow the trick of those in the know—fill your atomizer with your most seductive eau de cologne and spray those tresses until they're fragrant and lovely. Then finish with a flourish and make them gleam with brilliantine—which serves the ulterior motive of holding up the straggling ends. From this point it's only a step to keeping the ears nicely pinked and glamorizing them on dress occasions with fitted earrings of all descriptions.

Nothing looks more fetching on top of all this glory than a perky

saucer-sized beret, preferably animated by bird, ribbon, feather, plume, or what not.

The long-suffering bird on Nellie's hat won't hold a candle to your topper this fall. We positively guarantee a "hail-to-thee-blithe-spiritness," but also recommend an ode against a too fervent west wind.

Chic is definitely wired for sound these days. All manner of necklaces and bracelets provoke attention vicariously with their tinkling, clanging, clattering and knocking.

It may be that Helen Hayes' "Victoria Regina" has something to do with it, but along the adornment trail fashion is plagiarizing all sorts of the ornate Victorian gem settings and calling them ultra smart. Lucky indeed is the gal whose Grandma was a gay young thing way back when—rifle her jewel box and you'll lead the sartorial review.

De rigueur in the best circles today having been resurrected from decades past are chatelaines, the very newest note in costume jewelry. They are shown in numerous intriguing motifs. Among them appears one in an arrangement of falling laurel leaves, very beautifully executed in crystal, and another more startling—a leering savage, neck rings, earrings, nosering, *et al.*, carved in wood. One of these chatelaines gracing a suit lapel caps the climax of a harmoniously matched ensemble.

Now, let's see what you do with your evenings. If you would be coy, demure and thoroughly "gone-with-the-windish," squander a few sous on one of the saucy new hoop-petticoats and fill out the spacious folds of your best gown. But while sporting it, pray avoid anything more personal than a platonic waltz.

When you go to town with all the trappings, strike the dramatic note in evening slippers with jewelled platforms. They are particularly appropriate if you have a six-footer to stand up to. From this point of vantage you automatically assume as much independence as the fourth of July.

If, after exuding all this charm, you rate an invitation to a football game, by all means go swathed in fervor and rah-rah! Wear the smartest idea to date in corsages—chrysanthemum and pompoms done in school colors. Get the "mum" in the more vivid color and make it the center effect—ring it with the contrasting hue in sturdy little pompoms—garnish with autumn leaves, and there you are—but definitely! Your escort should run more interference than the quarterback.

One last caution, before you give your hand in parting be sure it's encased in the most modern of glove creations—the new "Finger Free" variety,—a sort of third dimensional idea made "hand-y."

Now that we have gotten this far, and holding hands is reputedly such a happy occupation, I think I'll leave you here.

pro and con—mostly con

by mary lavin, '36

I am not pessimistic by nature. I am a great lover of humanity, including flora and fauna, but after extended research and observation, I have come to the conclusion that feminine school teachers are on a par with that class of human beings who save string and walk up escalators. I can overlook, aye, and even forgive the string-saver. After all, all he lacks is the spirit of adventure, but the escalator-walker-upper is definitely outside the pale. School teachers do both. They have no souls; no souls at all.

The vast extent of my studies make me feel qualified, in all modesty, of course, to give the student of education some criteria whereby she can estimate her probable success in the field of pedagogy. I have found that female pedagogues as a group fall into three distinct types. I would advise all potential school teachers to study carefully the specimens listed below in order to discover into which category they would naturally fall. If anyone feels that she does not possess all the symptoms, she is not to be discouraged. Everything comes with the years.

The first specimen is known as "The Research Type." This type sounds like an animated file from Teachers' College and chats very chummily about assorted well known professors of education and the place of the teacher in the emerging curriculum. She has mastered the art of sprinkling such words as "integration," "coordination," "motivation" and "cooperation" throughout her conversation and spends her spare time attending lectures on such subjects as "Whither Academic Freedom" or "The Place of the Multiplication Table in the Life of the Child." She goes in for tweeds and is never seen without pince-nez on her nose, three-strap shoes on her feet, and the Home Edition of *The Sun* under her arm.

Type No. 2 is "The Classical of Born-Teacher Type." She has trouble with her arches and wears her hair in a bun. She goes in for horticulture and loves to talk about her sacred rubber plant. In her gayer moments she sits in the geranium bed and reads Pope's "Essay on Criticism." Members of this group usually travel in pairs and take an extended tour of the Mediterranean on their sabbatical. There they bask in the decayed glory of Greece and Rome and have their pictures taken in front of the Pantheon. On their return you will hear about the thrill it gave them to sit in the Colosseum and read their Vergil. They are also prone to bring back a substantial supply of edu-

cational pictures which will be brought out for display and explanation on the slightest provocation. Type No. 1 and Type No. 2 do not get along very well with each other. They differ on the subject of progressive education and "the place of Latin in a changing world."

The third type is the "I'm-Only-in-it-for-the-Money-and-Long-Vacation-Type." A member of this group is always having trouble with her maid or the big brute who sits in the back of her fourth period class. If neither of these problems are worrying her at the moment, the Japanese beetles are sure to be eating up her rose bushes. She reads the book of the month, the *New Yorker*, and quotes Dorothy Parker and Noel Coward without the quotation marks. She attends all the Theatre Guild productions, thinks Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are "just too clever," and discusses discipline problems between the acts. She eats a salad for lunch in addition to everything else on the menu. She simply has to work up enough energy to carry her through the rest of the afternoon. Although the profession is very wearing at times, she doesn't know what she would do if she had to stay at home and do house-work. "One gets into such a rut that way if one isn't careful."

If, after looking over the characteristics of the above groups, anyone finds that her qualifications lean toward one of them, I would say that she was definitely the school-teacher type. I would advise her to go at her earliest convenience to the Fifth Avenue station of the Independent Subway System and spend the day riding up and down the escalator. It has a very soothing effect on the nerves and by the end of the third trip she will begin to wonder whatever made her think about becoming a teacher anyway.

"travelers"

A darkened highway late at night,
A lonely car in hasty flight,
Speeding toward a westward land,
Groping for a guiding hand.

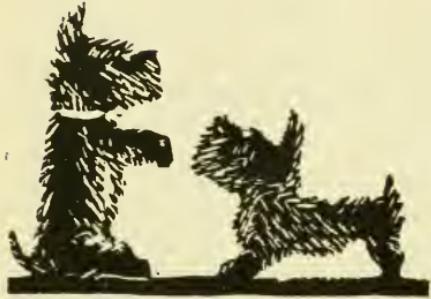
Two silhouettes against the fog,
One, a man, the other, a dog.
Side by side till journey's end
Travelling together, friend with friend.

God speed them in their paths anew,
Their tasks endow with blessings true,
And 'ere they chance to reminisce,
Their flight return, in hurriedness.

viola merlino, '42.

town topics

by marion magee, '39



elizabeth bressi, '39.
art club.

The usual reaction to a "back-to-school" movement is a decidedly "let-down" feeling. However, things are different this year and under close observation I have noticed that there is a decided upward movement. I refer specifically to the new coiffeurs—you can't look at a girl with her hair piled on top of her head without some reaction. Mr. Riley's response was one of

amazement when almost every girl came to his class with an up-swept hair-do. Mr. Strassburger's response to a similar situation was uncontrollable laughter. The conclusion I have reached on this subject is that the professors of this college do not appreciate the student's progressive movement.

I simply can't keep this bit of information any longer; it's too much to expect and besides it will give the ethics students a lift in their ego when they realize that even "Cronin" can be wrong. For all the years that students have been saddled with unintelligible assignments in those five pound volumes, at last an error has been found. The following quotation was taken from Cronin's Ethics, Vol. I, p. 286: "The man who while intending to go East by mistake goes West is not progressing truly." Now if this be true, and Cronin has been undisputedly accepted as the soul of veracity, how does he explain Douglas Corrigan's flight across the Atlantic?

Speaking of books still leaves me in the library. If anyone is interested in getting to 53rd Street, New York City, in the shortest time, consult Miss Keyes for this information. However, I can't guarantee that the answer you get will be the same one I received.

This department would like to award to Dorothy Irving the "Coire de Reserche" for the scientific observation that there are "freshmen in the Freshmen class." You have a great scientific future ahead of you, Dot.

For the benefit of the students in the Psychology Department, I am compiling a directory complete with names, ages and addresses of babies

(male and female) ranging from one week to twenty-two years of age. The object of this little directory is to alleviate the mental anguish endured by the students in trying to find a baby to observe. I have extended the age beyond six in case any other students would like to observe the babies of twenty-two years of age under a controlled situation such as the Junior or Senior Prom.

Last week little Edward brought a pair of handcuffs to the Nursery School and proceeded to handcuff everyone, including Miss Gardiner. Just as Edward handcuffed Miss Gardiner the bell rang and he couldn't get the handcuffs off. They finally had to resort to a hammer and chisel before Miss Gardiner could get the handcuffs off and get to class. I wonder if this could be used as a prognostic test of Edward's future profession.

If you wonder why Mr. Keogh's class looks a little vague these days it's because the students are searching for abstract ideas of art. That's enough to put anyone in a fog. Imagine the embarrassment of a certain Junior class member when trying to explain to Father Fitzgibbon a particularly involved ego-centric theory in Philosophy she found herself looking plaintively up at Father and saying: "You're all that matters." In front of all those people! Just another philosophical indiscretion aggravated by an overdose of Cronin.

Anastasia Linardos understood that Mr. McCaffray had given an English assignment of Burns' poetry for Tuesday. On that fatal day Anastasia walked into class and discovered that the assignment had been Wordsworth. With revealing frankness she said, "Imagine if I had read Burns!"

Mary McCue has made a strong impression on the Eighth Avenue Subway commuters because she has taken to reading Greek; at least that's what they think. One man who was looking over her right shoulder noticed that she was reading Greek mythology in the original language. He shook his head and gave her a look of deep sympathy. If only he had looked over her left shoulder he would have noticed that it was also written in English on the opposite page.

A number of the Seniors are taking typing and stenography lessons. The following report might make an interesting correlation with academic work. Mary Kane is the prize typing student:

Mary had some little keys,
She hit them all day long,
And every key that Mary hit
She was sure she hit it wrong.

So Mary thought of a new way
To get that coveted A,
She brought the teacher an apple
Every other day.

P. S.—The teacher didn't like apples.

Peggy Bolton is teacher's pet because she can get a dime from the rest of the students quicker than anyone else; Janet Morris is little "Alice-in-Wonderland" on account of she looks on the steno notes with such wonderment. Poor Bernie Johnson has a fixation on one symbol.

What or who can be responsible for that vague look in Florence Herbert's eye everytime she receives a letter. She walks through the corridors in a complete fog, clutching a letter (weekly or bi-weekly) in her hand, oblivious of everything but a dream of South American jungles sometime in the future. Niagara Falls or Atlantic City doesn't mean a thing to her. Ah love, ah Flo, ah, ah!

By the time LORIA is out Eugenia Tyler should have found her wayward hat. She even enlisted the help of the faculty in her search.

A word of warning to the professors! Toni Palermo is walking around the building these days armed with a sketch pad and pencil. Mr. Riley was the first victim of her unrelenting pencil. Look out! you might be next!

And what are all these goings on about Footprints? I couldn't catch the whole story, but there are strains of "something new, something different" flying over the transom of the Press Room lately. Even the Advertising Manager goes around looking like "I know a secret." And apparently it's not about the price of ads either.

A parting shot to the Freshman:

Of the Freshmen I've uttered not a sound,
That's 'cause there's nothing to be found.
I go 'round peeping here and there,
Then someone shouts look out! Beware!

Freshmen, Freshmen, that's no way to begin.
To get into print you must give in.
You have to drop a secret, some gossip here and there,
So now it's up to you—will you take a dare?



a stinger

Are you a type of the noisy bee
Who drones away in the library?
Then buzz elsewhere to flit and prance
And give the BUSY bees a chance.

||| **miscellaneous**

LORIA acknowledges with pleasure the receipt of the following publications:

The Rosarian—Rosary College, Illinois.

The Niagara Index—Niagara University, New York.

The Fordham Monthly—Fordham College, New York.

The Web—Webster College, Missouri.

The Voice—St. Francis College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

N. F. C. S.—National Federation of Catholic Students.

contributors!

N. B.—The Editor and the staff of LORIA are most anxious that the student body contribute to the magazine. This issue has been chiefly staff-written, only due to the fact that time was short and evidently work pressing on the part of the Under-graduate body. Make the Christmas issue your initial bow in print. Write for LORIA!

write

for

loria

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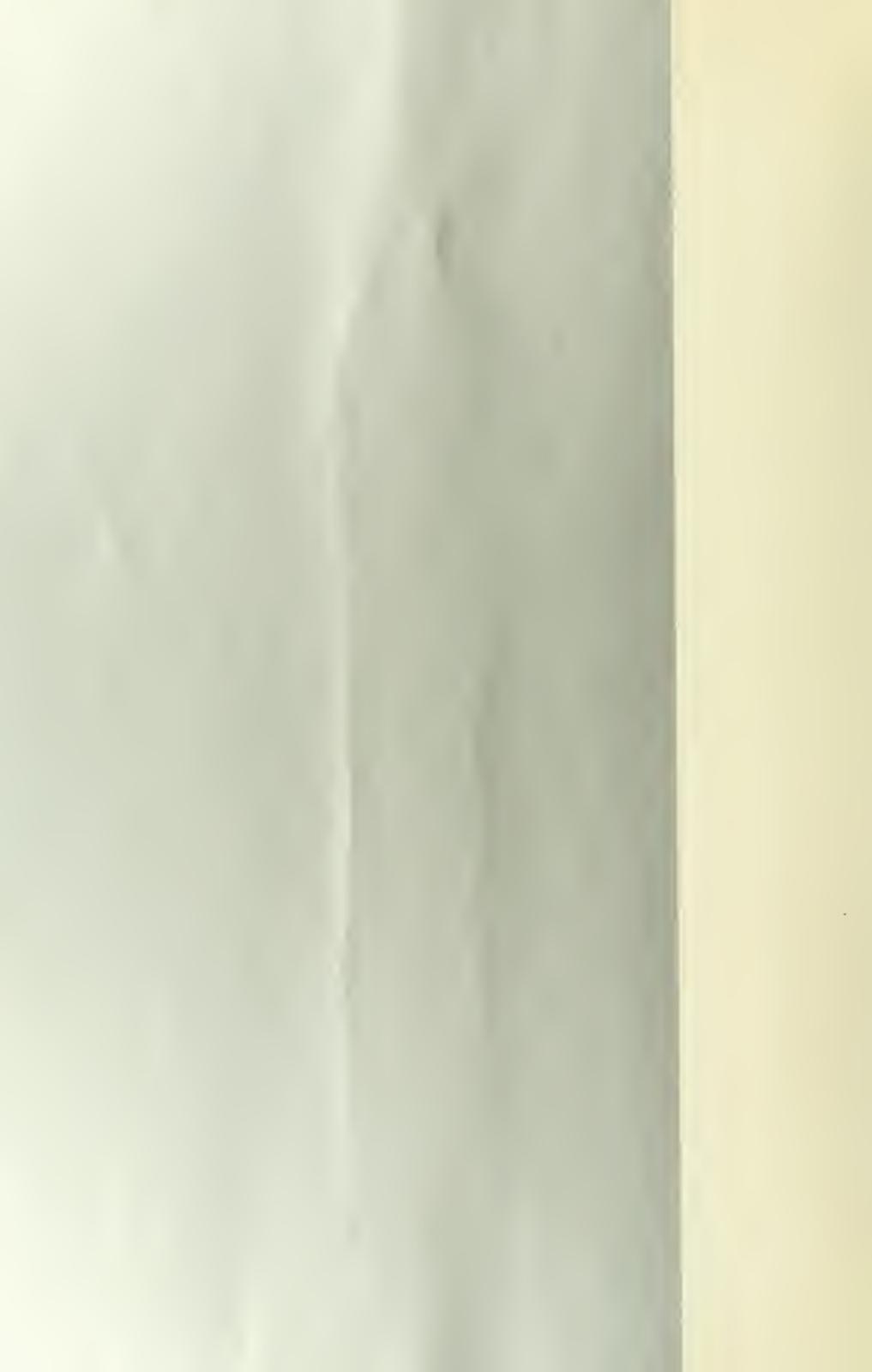
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Volume XV, Number 2

Christmas, 1938

St. Joseph's College for Women

Brooklyn

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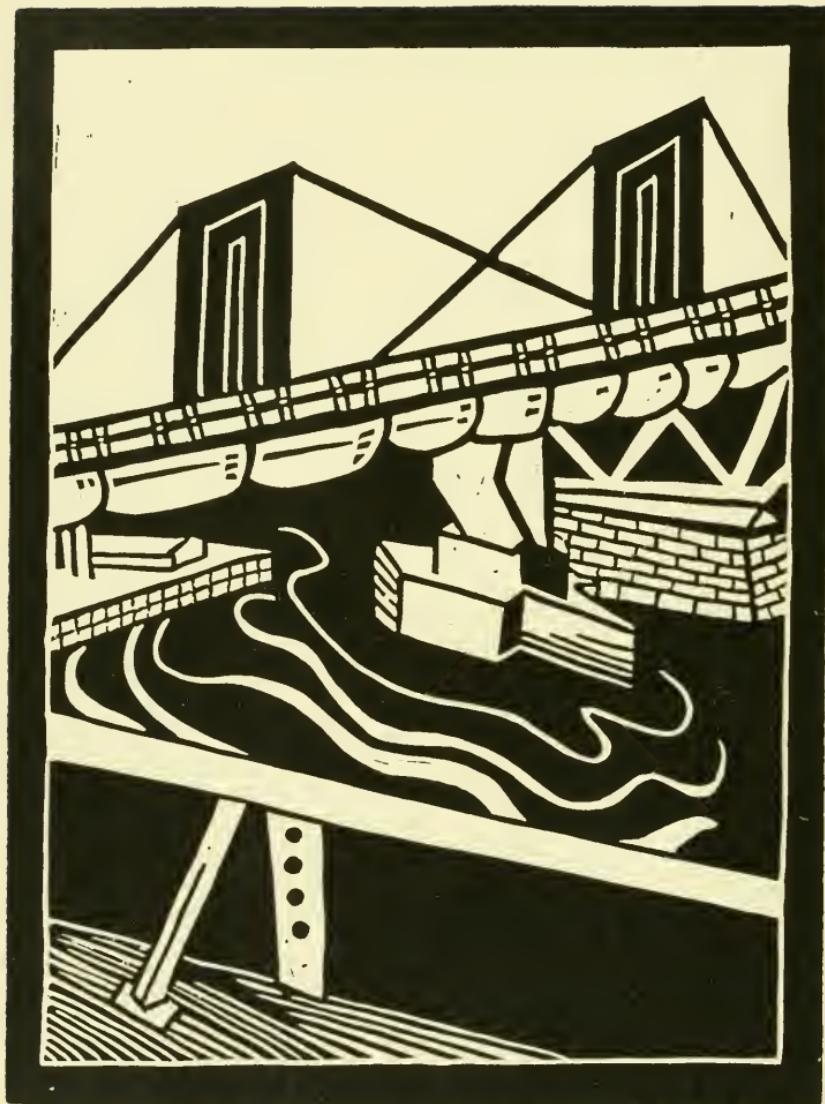
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By Aurora Dias, '39.

"And the Star Led Them"

LAURA HUNDLEY, '39.

The muted voice of the fog siren sounds through the dense mist like disembodied spirits wailing to each other. With a slightly rolling movement, the ship, after days of battling sea and wind, slides through the murky waters of the bay. Now and then, other phantom ships loom suddenly near, and then save for an eerie wailing, glide ghostly by.

The youth leaning over the railing is oblivious to the external world. The insidious dampness and December cold have sent less intrepid souls scurrying to the shelter of protecting walls. The young man standing on the deck is a lonely wraith in a ghostly world. It is the day before Christmas and inclement weather has set in with a vengeance. But to the youth the biting cold is the challenge of a new life which already sets his pulse beating faster; the fog is a benediction, a blessing concealing a future that contains—what?

New York harbor is the beginning and end of a quest. Enveloped in the shroudlike fog, which shuts out the external world, the events which have led to his present position flash through the youth's mind. Like events on a silver screen, scene after scene flashes before his mind's eye.

The first scene revealed with cruel clarity a morning akin to the present one, gray, gloomy and forbidding. A small somber group of shivering people stood beside a raw grave. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, a dry sob and the last earthly remains of the youth's father had been consigned to the earth. Two days previously, a small cigar box had arrived through the mail. Accompanying it was a brief note from the government stating that the box contained the ashes of the deceased man who had died in "protective custody."

A second scene revealed two youths in a bare room huddled around an iron stove. The action was only involuntary for the fire had long since died out. A soul-paralyzing chill had entered the room and the bodies of the two youths. Christmas Day one year ago.

The scene shifted entirely. Now it was May. Spring was again wooing the land. But spring was only a mockery to the youth. She brought only added sorrow not release. This time it was a speechless farewell and a beloved brother fleeing, fleeing, into a merciless dawn. . . .

Not many now remained of the small group that had stood sorrowing that gray morning. Harassed and hunted, the remaining had found either happy release in death or a long and lingering enslavement in the land of their birth. Father, brother, friends, all passed in an agonizing review before the youth. It occurred to him now, that mercifully his mother's figure was not to be found in that procession. Her passing, years before, had been in comparison a grief alloyed with sweetness. Not so had been the others.

Now he saw reflected a single youth. A youth in whose soul grief, iron and hatred had entered. Hatred that fed on the thought of revenge. Hatred that consumed his soul, that made his sleeping hours a nightmare and his days an evil dream. It was then his life became one of waiting,—waiting for an opportune moment when his revenge might be accomplished and his soul appeased. Endless days succeeded one another filled with impotent waiting.

Then one more tragedy, the final one, breathed into his ear by a remaining friend. Once again the soul of a friend had passed in the night. It was release from a harsh voice and a mailed fist that demanded allegiance to Mammon. Father Edmund, lifelong friend, had been released from prison to rest forever beside his fellow priests in the quiet churchyard.

Now the picture changed. Gone was the youth consumed by hatred. In his stead, stood a young man in whom a new emotion was dominant. One desire only sustained him. Freedom, freedom and escape from a land that would make of all men spiritual thralls. "Serve God and walk the earth a free man," his father had told him. But this had all become monstrously distorted and to serve God was to open the floodgates of persecution and hatred. Something had happened to his old world with its priceless values. Men were given stones for bread on which to appease their spiritual appetites. Physical and spiritual suffering was the result.

Escape, was the cry that aroused him in the morning; escape, whispered a dying voice at night. Escape from this bondage, this horror, this charnel house of the soul and recover the breath of eternity. Recover the flaming torch of faith. These words swept through the youth's mind, cleansing and inspiring his soul.

The scene changed now and revealed the youth at the beginning of a pilgrimage. The picture shows a figure rebuffed, refused, hungry and destitute, traveling toward an apparently ever-receding goal. Cold, shivering nights, hot parching noons followed each other. Undeterred he continued, however, on his journey toward the west, to the sea and to ships.

One scene more, the last:—the youth aboard the ship and sailing toward the land of his desire. The last scene fades. Only the gray fog-screen remains.

The young man shudders with the deadly cold and glances about him. He again becomes aware of the fog, the dank coldness and the wailing of the sirens, New York harbor at last! Jerking his thoughts back to the present he realizes that it is Christmas Eve. A day that is to be forever memorable whether for good or evil.

The time has crept so quietly upon him. Tomorrow will be the birthday of the Baby Jesus. Once again he will be able to pay that homage which he desired to render and worship at the Christ Child's feet. But he, like the Infant Jesus, he reflects, would be a stranger in a

strange land. Once again a shudder runs through his frame but not with cold. Fear of the future, uncertainty envelops him like a cold wave. Bracing himself, the youth strains his eyes through the mist as if to pierce the veil that concealed the future. Taut, straining his eyes, suddenly he beholds aloft a light, as though a star, caught in the mesh of the fog. He gazes fascinated, and suddenly he is flooded with a warm sense of peace, safety, rightness and happiness. This is Christmas Eve and looking at the light he murmurs:

"And the star led them."



Elizabeth Bressi, '39.

A Dream—

I dreamt I saw a child peep forth
From 'neath a great rose tree,
And I beckoned to my fair dream child
But he would not come to me.

I held forth a trinket to lure him
And the sun danced again in the gold,
Yet the little one looked on affrighted
While my hands grew purple with cold.

I sang but the birds caroled sweeter
Or laughed but to hide a tear.
I danced wildly but the wind faster,
And the wee babe would not near.

Then a great fear came upon me
And my eyes were clouded with pain,
But the little one ran away gaily
Never to peep forth again.

FRANCES DWYER, '41.

We Interview Maria Grever

EILEEN EICHELL, '40.

There have been song hits and song hits but "No, No Señor" is "tops." We realized this the minute Maria Grever played it for us. She sang, too, in a deep, throaty voice and her dark eyes flashed excitedly. Suddenly she took on the character of the naughty señorita of the song who said, "No, no," when she really meant "Si, si," and Madame lowered her eyes and her long black lashes curled coquettishly. She likes her latest number which she promised would be published before Christmas, and she certainly put it over beautifully.

She is a dark, rather plump woman and very Spanish looking. Her jet-black hair is combed straight back from her face and worn in a coronet fashion. She speaks with a decided Spanish accent.

When we met the author of "Ti-Pi-Tin" she had just returned from a "battle royal" with one of her publishers. She was very excited yet she laughed gayly at his having called her "a fool of a woman," because she refused to change one of her songs to his liking. Her keen sense of humor was apparent for she proceeded to imitate him, pacing wildly up and down his office, raving furiously over the stubbornness of women composers and cursing the interruptions from his secretary, dictaphones, and telephones. Then she became almost indignant and, pulling me down on the piano seat beside her, said, "Listen." She began to play a lovely melody. "He wants me to change that—which is almost sublime—to this," and she began to "swing it." "Who is going to win?" she demanded. But the answer wasn't necessary.

She grew serious then and began to tell us the details of her life. Born in Mexico City of Spanish parents, she was sent to Spain for her early education, but returned to Mexico to be married at the age of fourteen. She was by this time master of the piano, violin, and guitar. Her early compositions "Besame" (Kiss Me) and "Jurame" (Promise Me) brought her great fame and she soon became a favorite of the Latin American concert stage where she sang and played her own compositions.

She came to New York, took out her citizenship papers and was soon enrolled in the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers. She told us that she has written songs for twelve movie productions, including *The American Tragedy* and *The Gay Desperado*. To date she has had almost eight hundred songs published for which she has written the lyrics as well as the music. Madame Grever said she was "tickled" because everybody thought "Ti-Pi-Tin" was her first song. She explained that this was because she had kept behind the scenes while producing semi-classical numbers for Fox, Paramount, and other major studios.

We were anxious to know how she happened to depart from her classical tradition to produce a hit like "Ti-Pi-Tin." Madame laughed

delightfully. It happened quite by accident, it seems. She was having trouble with her eyes and the doctor had to inject a hypodermic. It became very painful and she felt herself growing dizzy. "If you don't stop soon," she told the doctor, "I am going to tippy on the floor." The phrase attracted her and she kept repeating, "Tippy, Tippy, Ti-Pi-Tin." Maria Grever's first thought was characteristic. "What a title for a song," she exclaimed. The next thing she remembered was sitting at a piano and within three minutes she had a song hit.

Madame Grever explained that she writes all her lyrics in Spanish, but through translations they have become known internationally from South America to Australia. She also told us that because of her bad eyesight she is obliged to dictate all of her melodies. The young man who does her orchestrations was present at the interview and while Madame plays he takes down the music. She is very appreciative of his assistance and her relation to him is one of mother to son. She slaps his wrists smartly when he makes an error and laughs fondly at his silly antics on the keyboard.

Madame Grever herself has four grandchildren of whom she is extremely fond. She never tires of talking about them and she brought out numerous pictures of the youngsters to show us. One of them, little Bobby, at fifteen months shows decided musical inclinations. His grandmother says he is always twisting the radio dials, and whenever a good jazz band comes on he swings and sways like the best of them. Switch to a catchy fox-trot, Madame Grever laughed, and the little lad immediately closes his eyes and starts beating out the rhythm in perfect time.

With her visits to her grandchildren, her numerous concerts, auditions, and benefits, Madame Grever leads a very full and varied life, yet she always finds time to compose some new, gay tunes to please her ever-demanding public.



Face the Music

PAULINE CAVAGNARO, '39.

Music, like all the other arts, cannot be appreciated until it is understood. We must bring to it a sufficiently anxious and sincere desire to understand it before we can recognize the beauty and artistry that great music contains.

At first, the attempt to understand and enjoy good music will be, in a sense, forced on our part. But gradually we will come to know the qualities which make it great and we will look for these in all music.

In this sense, the appreciation of music is a creative act upon the part of the listener. Not that we can or should divorce a work entirely from the aims of the composer and substitute our own, but that our enjoyment depends largely upon ourselves. Take, for example, three people who hear a gavotte by Bach. The person who is conscious only of the sense impressions, which music leaves, will hardly enjoy this selection. He does not really listen to the music and gains nothing from it because he is seeking only sense impressions. The second listener has a keen sense of rhythm and appreciates the beauty of this rhythmic dance, but little else. However, the third, who is more advanced in his knowledge and appreciation of music, gets out of this gavotte what the composer intended. He is conscious of the polyphony and harmony of the music, and by listening carefully he appreciates these qualities that are the chief marks of Bach's genius.

This third person did not learn to appreciate music overnight. How did he do it and how are we to follow him? We must listen to good music often and apply both our senses and intellect to it. We may find it easier, at first, to appreciate some simple song by a Romanticist such as Schumann, Mendelssohn or Schubert. Gradually we will look for more than the sensuous and emotional appeal of music. The harmonies of Handel, Bach and Mozart will no longer be a tangled web to us. To many they seem entirely without emotion, but with a greater knowledge of music we will be able to appreciate the magnificence of the Hallelujah chorus from Handel's "The Messiah" or a prelude or oratorio by Bach. Perhaps we will enjoy the impressionistic selections of Debussy and Ravel, the descriptive program music of Wagner, or the thrilling dances of the modern Spanish composers. The field of music is boundless and is open to appreciation by all. If we like dramatics, opera should have some appeal for us. If we like solo works, a piano or violin recital will attract us to the technique and individual interpretations of one person. The philharmonic orchestra is an excellent medium for bringing out all the emotional appeal of a symphony by Tschaikovsky and the grandeur of the program music of Wagner and Richard Strauss.

Many of us have gone along thinking that classical music is "dry" and "dead," but we should throw aside this attitude. We have already

begun our appreciation of music when we enjoy singing a favorite popular song. It is appreciated because we listen and understand it in the true sense of the word. The next step is to listen to better music and to let the appreciation of it develop within ourselves. It is well to remember that we get out of all arts only what we give to them.

In the Fire

Sparks fly from the fire
Lighting up the floor.
Can't you see the tiny elves
Stirring up some more.

See that laughing one right there,
Playing with the smoke.
"Come and play with me," he said,
Or was it he who spoke.

ANAMARIE A. MURPHY, '41.

To a Young Materialist

My dear, come, tell me what is in your heart
That you have lost the beauty of the dawn
And in its stead have placed a worthless pawn,
A jewel that glitters bright and is not part
Of the warm glow of a heavenly art,
That gives a glow without warmth, a dry ice
That burns the parched and thirsting throat, a spice
That grips the taste and makes life's flavor tart.
Weep for your folly. Only tears can purge
A mind perverted. Come to me and weep
While I lead you where new vistas emerge
Out of this darkness, dead and sad and deep—
Or there be none to sing your funeral dirge
When you, my dear, lay down your life and sleep.

JANE WALSH, '39.

The New Trojan Horse

DELLA BROWER, '42.

Mr. Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Department of the Interior, said recently as quoted by Stanley High in the *Saturday Evening Post*, July 9, 1938: "So far at least as the present is concerned, Fascism is the deadly and insidious foe that we must prepare to combat without loss of time. For this reason I suspect either the motives or the intelligence of those who would have us marshal our forces against a barely imaginary danger of Communism while Fascism thunders at the gates of our citadel of liberty."

Mr. Ickes didn't say how we were to go about the preparations to combat this Fascism. We don't see this force in action. Our people have no real knowledge of its existence in our midst. Of course, we have read about the trouble in Jersey City and the German Settlement League out at Yaphank and a great deal more. We suspect that much of this is the natural result of action and propaganda from another source.

Now for the real "Trojan Horse," apparently a brand new streamlined model, well within the gates of the citadel. This beast has many serviceable working names. These, however, are only semi-official and may be discarded or disowned at any time. The beast's official name, however, is recorded, signed and sealed. *The Workers' Alliance* and *The American League for Peace and Democracy* are two of these most serviceable working names. Others are *The Friends of the Soviet Union*, *The North American Friends of Spanish Democracy*, *The Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade*, *The American Student Union*, *The International Labor Defense*, and *The American Student Peace Committee*. Washed behind the ears and dressed up in a nice new set of slogans to deceive the unwary, the beast is still the same old apocalyptic nag—Communism. The American people know that this alien force is at work among us. They see it in action and know that it is growing farther every day on the much-publicized One Third.

Fascism, we all agree, is the deadly foe that storms at the gates. But the unanswered question is how shall we combat this Fascism and vanquish this terrible alien foe? Do the people of Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain and Mexico find themselves in their present awful plight because they were unprepared to combat this Fascism? How did the Fascist Dictators come into their awful power? Are the masses of the U. S. S. R. better off than the masses of Nazi Germany? We know that Communism begets Fascism. We need no answers to these latter questions.

Destroy Communism and the Fascist menace at the gates will vanish into the then pure air. But now the immediate job is to clean out the cause of this threat to our national liberty. The Communist Trojan Horse is a very friendly and sociable beast. We come into contact with it almost every day in its masquerade under one of its plausible and nice-

sounding names. We must avoid all contact with this horse. It is not a friend. It cannot be a friend. It must try to destroy us. We are not Communists. We believe in man's right to worship his Maker, to be safe in the possession of his home and property. We believe in and wish to continue to live by the principles that have made our country great. We cannot be Communists. The Communists classify all non-Communists as enemies. They give no quarter in their struggles. We must reciprocate.

Don't be fooled by Browder's latest slogan, "Communism is Twentieth Century Americanism." Communism today is the same old Communism of Karl Marx, Lenin, and Stalin—no matter where it is found.

Give it no aid or comfort. The beast is not static. Its power either increases or decreases. Loneliness and malnutrition are all that are necessary to destroy this beast. Communism must be destroyed.

The Moon's veil of cloud is slipping from her thin shoulder
As I run to the top of the last crest—
So high now that I can see no point higher.
I stretch bare arms in the moonlight, in the cold air,
And I cry aloud out of breath at such beauty.
Crying and laughing amazed at myself,
I cling to the ground, to the earth, and call
Liquid words that tickle through the air,
Wild words that splinter the atmosphere,
And joy is mine, is me, is all I know—
It is time to go back now. I turn my steps downward,
Walking sedately, smoothing my dress,
And picking stars out of my hair.

MARIE BIRMINGHAM, '40.



Ballad

"And will you be my lady on that night?
And I, your squire, your own, for just one night?
And may I lead you in the dance?
And may the dance give us romance!"

My heart was thrilled,
My soul was filled
With pride and love.

How fair am I that he should bow to me,
How gold my hair,—how pink my cheek must be
That he—the finest of them all—
Should ask to squire me to the ball.

My heart was thrilled,
My soul was filled
With pride and love.

And on that night I dared the stars outshine
The glam'rous rival that they found in me.
"Grow dim, I know you must resign
Your dazzling, regal thrones to me."

My heart was thrilled,
My soul was filled
With pride and love.

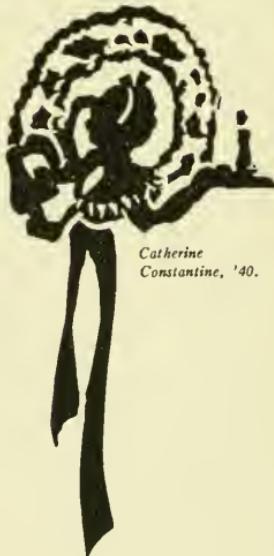
Wine—cotillons—jewels—satins—melody—
Gold curls—wide hoops—gallants in harmony.
"My love, how you beguile me,
My love, you are the fire in me."

My heart was thrilled,
My soul was filled
With pride and love.

And then *she* came—with beauty more than mine,
Whiter skin, lighter foot, more sparkling eye.
My woman's feeling knew that sign.
His sparkling eye—I saw love die.

My heart was full,
My soul was full—
With love!

MARY E. LEAHY.



Do You Pupil-Teach?

MARY KANE, '39.
LILLIAN EASOP, '39.

Latest literary gem—"Flat Foot Fluzzie"—an unique example of what ordinary *littérateurs* term alliteration. This bit of contemporary hash fell upon the ears of an innocent student teacher who was fortunate, or shall we say unfortunate enough to have been designated by the Board of Education as a fit guardian for young minds.

And lest, dear reader, you fail to comprehend the import of the foregoing paragraph we will explain. Those perplexed and absorbed expressions betray the fact that the ill-fated Senior *has to teach tomorrow*. How in the name of Horace Mann can anyone motivate the tariff question? (How, Carmela?) Somehow motivation presents no problem in an "Ed. class," but in front of forty-four aspirants to a diploma. . . .

But seriously, pupil-teaching does teach one the indispensable virtue of humility. Of course, being Seniors we suffer such indignities as being referred to, by the Dean, as decrepit old women; nevertheless it is a blow to our pride when we are rudely asked to stay off the elevator until we can produce passes. Of course, it's quite disconcerting to be pushed into the line and ordered to "step lively, please." But enough of this—lest we frighten away any pedagogical ambitions you may have.

Of course, pupil-teaching has its social advantages. P. S. Juniors, all take notice. Should anyone need a Junior prom "date," notify at once any pupil-teacher and we are sure one of her students will qualify. It seems a shame that Eleanor Van Wagner has engaged Paul for the evening of December 26th for her six-footer from "Manual" would be an ideal escort. We, the more fortunate, received bids to football games and Newman Club dances, but due to the completeness of our social calendar (?), we declined.

But let's go back to the humorous angle of the licensed activity of student teaching. When one of our esteemed Seniors was assigned to a certain room, one of the pupils queried as to whether her presence there was due to detention. We wonder now if we really looked like mischievous adolescents.

Another gem—one of the teachers requested the pupil-teacher to escort a pupil to the principal's office, said pupil-teacher was called in no uncertain terms "teacher's stooge."

This from Erasmus:

Student Teacher: "What part of *The Life of Shakespeare* did you like best?"

Scintillating Star: "When he died and the book was over."

Dorothy Kane fulfilling her pedagogical duties at the "model school" (for discipline at least), Bay Ridge, was spending a lively three hours one evening correcting papers. The topic of the assignment was

a composition on "Hobbies." One of the not-too-brilliant pupils concluded her scholarly "opus" thusly—"Of course, I have much more time for my hobbies on week-ends."

Lest we forget, a word sounding like "aqueduct" was requested; the reply: "water duck."

Our concluding contribution awards the trophy to Abraham Lincoln High School for intensive foreign research on the treatise concerning the origin of date bureaus. Connie Giampietro was called upon one day to take the teacher's place and in the course of the period read a notice to the class concerning a foreign correspondence group being formed. The girls were permitted to correspond with boys and girls, but boys may correspond with boys only. One month later one of Connie's students showed her a letter from a French boy—"Dear Frances,—I have 14 years, you have 15 years, in consequence 1 year less than you, but I have a brother who has 16 years."

You know, maybe he has something there!



Catherine Constantine, '40.



Catherine Constantine, '40.

Robert Burns, the Poet

MARGARET ST. PIERRE, '42.

"The tale of his days was sordid and tragic;
The lilt of his songs melodious magic."

As it is of the latter that I shall dwell it is not necessary to attempt to disentangle the numerous amours in which Robert Burns was engaged throughout the greater part of his life. It is evident that Burns was a man of extremely passionate nature and fond of conviviality and the misfortunes of his lot combined with his natural tendencies to drive him to frequent excesses of self-indulgence. Although his collective poems prove multifarious moments of joy and exaltation, it must be admitted that his life was in its externals a painful and somewhat sordid chronicle.

We, English, turn naturally, in Burns, to the poems in our own language because we can understand them easily—yet these poems are for the most part inferior specimens of conventional eighteenth century verse. The genuine intrinsic value of Burns is, of course, in his Scotch poems, personal poetry in that the countryman reading it has a tendency for his Scotch world and meets the poet half way. Burns, like Chaucer, comes short of the high seriousness of the great classics and the virtue of matter and manner which accompanies that elevated solemnity is wanting to his work. At moments he touches it in a profound and passionate melancholy, as in those four immortal lines which have in them a depth of poetic quality, such as resides in no verses of Byron and which he took as a motto for "The Bride of Abydos" and which Scott said contained "the essence of a thousand love-tales":

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

We arrive at a real estimate of Burns by conceiving his work as having truth of matter and truth of manner, but not the accent or the poetic virtue of the highest masters. His genuine criticism of life, when the sheer poet in him speaks, is ironic. Of Burns' view of life and the world, as they come before him, his view is large, free, shrewd, benignant—truly poetic therefore; and his manner of rendering what he sees is to match.

As in his "Jolly Beggars," a world of hideousness, squalor and bestiality, where his largeness and freedom serve him so admirably and also in those poems and songs where to shrewdness, he adds infinite archness and wit and to benignity infinite pathos, where his manner is flawless and a

(Continued on Page Twenty-six)

“And on earth peace to men of good will”

Ave Regina Caelorum

Ave! Queen of hosts celestial,
Hail, O Mother of our King!
Raise our minds from thoughts terrestrial
While the season's joy we sing.

Help us, gentle, loving Mother,
Sanctify our thoughts we pray,
That the peace we wish each other
Rest within our hearts this day.

Gracious Lady, hear our pleading.
Let true gladness from on high
Be infused into our greeting
Lest our lips, our hearts belie.

S. D. M.



Patricia Loth.

Mary's Lullaby

Trembling I hold You, my God and my Son,
And humbly embrace Thee, my beautiful One—
As the moon in the arms of a sheltering tree,
As the sun on the breast of the deep-sighing sea—
Rest, Oh my dearest, rest close to my heart,
So weak and so fragile, my Child and my God!
Sleep sweetly, I pray Thee,
Sleep peacefully now.

Angels will lull Thee with melodies sweet,
Shepherds so lowly their Infant King greet.
As the dove in her nest in the courts of our King,
As the sparrow that carefree in summer doth sing—
Thou art safe in my arms, Thou art safe close to me,
Dear God, here so helpless, Thy creature shields Thee.
Rest, Ruler of Heaven,
Rest peacefully now.

S. D. M.

Poems

My avid senses will not be appeased
By what these four walls can give;
It is not enough that warmth and friends are here,
It is not for friendship that I live—
What I seek, what I must demand,
Is the cold high wind on the black plain;
What I would have is sharp and wild and free,
I am choked with these comforts—I have need of pain.

MARIE BIRMINGHAM, '40.

I lay on harsh short grass
Looking up through thin bronze leaves
Laid on the blue enamel of the sky,
And I saw that there is still a pattern,
Still a necessary way—
The wry, the twisted, all the broken
Have a place in rectitude—
Strangeness is not strange but most familiar,
Change is good—and beauty most secure,
While still remain black boughs,
Bronze leaves and pale smooth sky.

MARIE BIRMINGHAM, '40.

Beauty

S. M. B., '42.

Beauty pains me. It is the pain of discontent, of loneliness. It bursts tactlessly upon my self-satisfied reveries and asks quietly yet persistently, "And what are you?" The delicately harmonious tones of Brahms or Strauss bring with their beauty a longing to behold that life where honking cabs and clanging trains and shrieking whistles are foreign elements; where every word, every breath is a holy hymn of harmony.

The beauty of the landscape makes me homesick; homesick for a land of pure delights. I become dissatisfied with the radiant sunset which lasts but for the moment, with the colorful flower which fades as soon, with the soaring bird which falls and dies. I long for beauty, ever changing yet ever new, for beauty which is not one sunset, not one flower, not one bird, but an infinity of grandeur extending through eternity.

The simple beauty of a childish face rends my heart. Before many years have passed, the wondering eyes will have lost their faith, the rosy cheeks their glow. In their place will be doubt and not a few wrinkles. How my heart cries out for beauty that will remain, for beauty that will endure as long as I will endure, for beauty that will not vanish even as I gaze.

Yes, beauty pains me; it makes me discontented, lonely. But this discontent is of God. In the imperfection of earthly things I find an impetus to seek and strive and yearn for Beauty, possessing in Itself and of Itself all perfection.

Strange Interlude

BY A BABY BROTHER, AGE, 5 MONTHS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our first male contributor.

Ho-hum, boy that last bottle sure hit the spot, mighty warm and cozy under this big, plaid blanket—sure makes a fellow feel drowsy. Oh, oh, here comes that girl who helps Mom around the house—if she only wouldn't pussyfoot around my basinette. Come out like a woman, I say, but don't sneak up on a body like that! There she goes, tucking me in again. Go away, girl, tend to your work! Can't a fellow ever get away from people for a little while? Not a bad sort, you know, but you've got to keep those girls in their place. Guess she got the idea—now I feel a little mean.

Here's Mom! Gee, she's a pretty girl, all rosy and cold from being outdoors. Oops! Look out, Mom, I like your hair, but it gets in my eyes when you boost me on your shoulder. Sure I've been a good boy—couldn't do much else with this gang watching my every move. Honest, I just went to put my thumb in my mouth, you know how I enjoy that, when my big sister swoops down on me—"Baby mustn't suck his fingers, it will spoil the shape of his mouth." Well! It's my mouth, isn't it?

My other sister is a nice kid, though. Why do you know, the other day when I couldn't find my thumb to put in my mouth she found it for me! That's what I call a pal! She goes out with a giant with red hair—Gosh, I can't look at him all at once, I have to do it in parts. Sis is funny, though—the other night she brought this big fellow up to see me when I was turning in for the night (as much privacy as a goldfish) and she looks down at me so affectionately that I almost crowed out loud. She sure put me down in a hurry when I felt a little peevish today. Oh, well! Guess it's one thing for company and another for the family.

There goes the doorbell! They sure take that welcome sign on the mat for the real thing. Well, what do you know, it's Dad, a little earlier than usual tonight. Hello, Governor! Boy, look at him beam when I give him a big smile! Sure is a knack to handling parents. You know, I like Dad—he's a good scout—the only one who treats me like a man. All day long I see nothing but *women, women, women!* It's enough to break a fellow's spirit. But it is nice to sit on Dad's lap and talk "man-to-man"—we have so much in common.

The last few days I've heard them all talking about something they call Christmas. Mom's been shopping and my sisters make out lists of people they're going to buy presents for. Hope I'm on the lists!

Holy formula! If it isn't time for bed. Oh, well! No use in raising a fuss. I'm really pretty sleepy. 'Night Dad, 'Night Girls! Mom's going to take me up now.

Merry Christmas, everybody, whatever that means!

"À La Mode"

MARION NOEL, '40.



Elizabeth Bressi, '39.

Despite the stolid old reactionaries who refuse to be cajoled into modernity, we still maintain that hair is up to stay. "Ha," we can hear them gloat, "wait till winter comes." Lest there should be any plethora of chilblained auditory appendages this season we have unearthed a fashionable skeptic-foiler.

When the wintry gales blow, à la Thanksgiving, attach strips of brilliantly-hued wool or velvet to the sides of your perky bonnet. On the way down, they will cover your ears and merge into a jaunty chin bow, keeping you warm and chic simultaneously.

Which reminds us of the old school who still anchor their hats with elastic bands. Of course, all the progressives substitute narrow velvet or grosgrain ribbons which lend dash instead of merely snap.

Style salaams to comfort with a flourish these days, a boon to those of us who want a measure of each. High on the fashion scale are the new angora mittens shown in myriad shades, and as cute as a two-weeks-old kitten. They are grand for casual sporting, and adorable with a skating outfit.

This year you can cover your formal gown with great aplomb in a soft wool wrap or even a plaid tweed, some of which are gaily topped with little hoods. Another innovation in evening apparel is a set of matching angora kerchiefs and tiny muff.

In the course of our investigations we ferreted out a secret that enables one to give a formal gown double duty. The gown we saw was of moire and can be worn as a romantic strapless affair on occasion; or if a less formal dinner dress aspect is required, billowy puffed sleeves can be zipped on by a tiny concealed fastener.

Nothing new ever came along in the way of shoes until they put them on a platform. Now, following a close second are the saucy little "sabots," looking for all the world like a page from Dutch history. Modeled on the Old World wooden shoe, they'd tempt your maiden Aunt Phoebe to try the waltz clog.

Perhaps you're one of the conservatives who carry a muff rather listlessly on a raw day. If yours is long and narrow, tie a wide, bright velvet ribbon hourglass fashion around the center and fix it into a candy box bow in front. Repeat this same bow on your coat or hat, and we assure you you'll strut along as major-domoish as is permissible without a parade.

"Putting on the dog" was once a hackneyed cliche, now it's fashion news. If you would be different dynamically, substitute a dog-collar in semi-precious stones for the Victorian neckband you've been wearing. Or belt your favorite sport frock with a leather leash personalized by a tag with your name inscribed. There's a smart one being worn on the wrist, dangling a petite, magnifying crystal watch.

You just haven't come to grips with a handbag this season if it isn't big and boxy. We saw one simply ideal for the student with a conscience. It has the size and shape of Glenn's *History of Philosophy*, and its contents, too, are untouched by pressure. Another purse was as strictly personal as your eye-teeth. Copying the envelope idea literally it carries the legend of your full name and address on a beautifully inscribed gold plate on its face.

If you've done your school reports, which topic for some strange reason we are peculiarly loath to dwell upon, here's a timely tid-bit for the gadding about you'll do during Christmas week. Use a swirling black velvet or rayon crepe skirt as the basic costume note. Then, one day top it with an utterly feminine, frothy, crisp lace blouse; next, be ultra-swanky in metallic cloth; change to gleaming white satin, or shiny Roman-stripe taffeta, or little girl peppermint silk. Your escort, plus many who'll wish they were, will cherish mirages that you're the smartest dressed gal in town—which you are, in a manner of speaking.

For that Christmas week "formal" wreath your tresses in a flowing net veil to match or contrast your gown. Tie the net under your left ear and perch your flowers over your right temple. Four bells and a return engagement are the usual reactions to this one.

Confidential. At Christmas time, do you receive a wad of gifts you don't need, and you wouldn't be seen wearing even if you lived alone—and liked it? Well, consider your problem solved thusly: In advance of the holiday, prepare a list of the things you need, wish you had, or always wanted but never got around to buying for yourself. Then itemize neatly and put the list (together with your name, so the family will know whose desires are so cold-bloodedly calculated) where your kith and kin may see.

Then, when your varied and sundry friends ask mother what she thinks you'd like for Christmas, she furtively consults your chart, figures quickly what they have to spend and how dear you are to their hearts, then,—presto, everybody's happy about the whole thing.

You'll probably have a merry Christmas anyway.

Allow Us to Present

Miss Cecelia Trunz

ELINOR MONAGHAN, '40.

Perhaps your first encounter with her was in the hall where, oblivious of the fact that you were unknown to her, she gave you a cheerful smile and a friendly "hello." Or perhaps you came as a student to one of her classes expecting to meet just one more teacher and were pleasantly surprised to find instead a considerate, sympathetic friend.

But no matter where you meet Miss Trunz, you always come away with the same impression of gracious friendliness. Characteristically, when asked to give some details about her own life, her conversation turned often to the college where she was educated and which has known more than once her kindness and generosity.

Miss Trunz had the honor of coming to St. Joseph's in the largest Freshman class the college had known—forty-four girls! At that time the college presented an entirely different aspect, for the present college building was not yet constructed and classes were held in "245" and a large private house adjoining. By the way, Miss Trunz also tells us, that the huge mirror and hatrack now standing in the hall once graced the entrance hall of that first college building. Instead of a "rec room" the entire third floor was given over to sanctums, each class having its own sanctum and furnishing it in its class colors.

Parties, in that atmosphere, were always fun and usually informal. The girls collected their family's best silver and linen to grace the occasion and the faculty, while its numbers were small, were usually invited to join in the fun.

Remembering that this was supposed to be an interview of Miss Trunz and not a history of "Old St. Joseph's" we once more tried to get her to "break down" about her own career here.

After leaving St. Joseph's, Miss Trunz attended Columbia where she received her Master's Degree in German. She then came back to teach in 1929 and has been here ever since. However, in 1931, she took a leave of absence to study for her Ph.D. at the Albert Ludwig University in Freiburg. Miss Trunz sketched briefly for us the life of the University which seemed ideal. There is no compulsion to attend classes although the student is responsible for all lectures and assignments, no definite number of points, and the student is free to choose his courses and his professor. Of course, this great freedom is possible only because the people coming to study at the University are serious students whose main desire is to succeed in their work.

Miss Trunz brought out another interesting point in connection with the University. She said that the students receive, besides their regular vacation, the entire month of February off. Noticing our de-

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News of the Month

Minutes of the Catholic Students' Peace Conference held at Marywood College

RUTH MILDE, '39.

The Catholic Association for International Peace is an organization the ultimate purpose of which is "to promote, in conformity with the mind of the Church, 'the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ!'" The Catholic Student Peace Federation Conference of the Middle Atlantic States, held at Marywood College, Scranton, Pa., in November, in co-operation with the Association was an attempt to further this aim.

The Conference consisted of two panels which considered the Munich Peace Pact and the United States Foreign Policy, topics which are of vital importance to the question of world peace. Opening the discussion on the Munich Peace Pact, Miss Mary Brady of St. Joseph's gave the remote cause of the Czechoslovakian crisis—the strong sense of individuality retained by the two alien peoples, Slav and German, who, though living in the same territory, never completely merged.

The most important of the immediate causes of the crisis, Nationalism, the economic subjugation of the Sudetens and Germany's desire for the coal deposits and national resources of Czechoslovakia—were related by Mr. Mundy of the University of Scranton.

The provisions of the Munich Peace Pact, which emphasized the evacuation of Czechoslovakia by October 10th, and the occupation by German troops were given by the representative from Seton Hall, Mr. Paul Jordan.

Miss Molly Leibell of New Rochelle vigorously condemned the Pact on the ground of its injustice in refusing to give the Czechs a chance at self-determination. She decried the passive acceptance by the world of Hitler's demands and urged the need for resistance against the German dictator.

The Villanova representative, Mr. Murray Zealor, however, answered Miss Leibell very competently in his justification of the Pact on the grounds that the peace of Europe is today intact; a world war has been averted. He called the Munich Peace Pact the best solution of the problem of world peace, a preventative of the spread of Communism and a benefit to the Sudetens who have, as a result, improved their position.

The second panel was opened by the St. Elizabeth delegate, Miss Jeanne Keenan, whose paper on the present United States foreign policy stressed the "good neighbor" attitude toward all countries.

The advisability of a treaty with Great Britain was argued pro and con by Mr. Francis X. Caffrey of St. Peter's, and Mr. William Doty of Fordham, respectively.

Miss Winifred Byles of Manhattanville spoke in favor of rearmament, arguing that strong defenses are our most secure means of keeping peace.

The closing speaker, Mr. Joseph Mahoney, of St. Francis, gave a program for American Catholics. He pointed out that there is only one program, that of Jesus Christ, who preaches the brotherhood of Christ and the fatherhood of God. We must Christianize ourselves, before we can Christianize others. If we do this we can be confident that, living as an example of His teaching and praying for His guidance, we can attain to the "Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ."

As a final gesture the conference resolved to go on record as "opposed to religious and racial persecution as an obstacle to world peace."

Mother Cabrini

HELENE KANE, '40.

The world elevates great scientists, quotes noted historians, long remembers great philosophers. It has even come to the stage in modern progress where it honors characters who have performed extraordinary human feats with the title of hero or heroine. In so bestowing laurels on some mortals it forgets others of an humbler nature who have performed deeds of not just a passing importance but of a lasting memorial to them.

A little short of a month ago, His Holiness Pope Pius XI presided once again at the ever beautiful ceremony of beatification. This time Rome was honoring a citizen of the United States and with due respect, an American prelate, namely George Cardinal Mundelein, was chosen to officiate. For the first time in the history of the Catholic Church an American citizen was given the glorified title of "blessed." It was the cherished Mother Cabrini who made possible this high ecclesiastical honor.

In reviewing the life of this noble character we may say she is a heroine undiscovered in this pagan world—a Christian heroine. We need not erect great monuments to honor her—for a memory of her very life—her noble deeds—her lasting institutions are her memorials.

St. Peter's Basilica wherein this impressive ceremony occurred was likewise the scene of two similar events within the same month. On these successive occasions the title of Beata was conferred on two native Italian women who midst insuperable difficulties fostered the Christian ideals in their own country. They, too, like Mother Cabrini, realized their ambitions through the establishment of Religious Orders.

Maria Rosella, the first to receive this title, founded the Sisters of Mercy which today has covered much in the fields of teaching, nursing and charity not only in its place of origin but throughout the known world. The other recipient of this esteemed title, namely, Maria Dominica Mazzarella, with the able assistance of St. John Bosco established the Salesian Order which has always held a high place in the field of education.

ALLOW US TO PRESENT

(Continued from Page Twenty-three)

lighted expression, she hastened to add that it was only for the purpose of doing research work. It is also the custom there for the German professors to invite the foreign students to their homes in order to give them an idea of what family life in Germany is like.

Finally, in 1933, in spite of an examination which was completely oral and which lasted as long as the professor wished, Miss Trunz received her Doctorate degree. As for traveling the Atlantic, she has made seven trips to Europe and expects to make an eighth this June.

As Miss Trunz was rushing out the door to keep one of her many appointments, we asked her if she ever tired of teaching. Her reply sums up completely her entire attitude:

"Each class is different."

ROBERT BURNS, THE POET

(Continued from Page Seventeen)

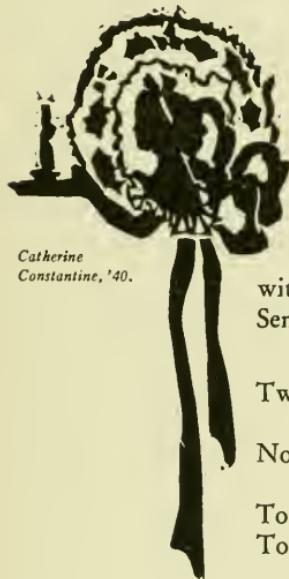
perfect poetic whole is the result, here we have the genuine Burns of whom the real estimate must be high indeed.

Burns is a master in the field of satire, more than personal animus. This force of the invective, this keenness of the wit, and fervor of the imagination which he displayed rendered an important force in the theological liberation of Scotland. Scarcely any known author has succeeded so brilliantly in combining his work with folk material or in carrying on with such continuity of spirit the tradition of popular song. By truth and temperament Burns was singularly fitted for this task and this adaptiveness is proved by the unique extent to which his productions were accepted by his countrymen and have passed into the life and feeling of his race.

Today we pardon and forgive Burns for his weaknesses, which were many; we just wonder, that he, a mere peasant boy, should have so achieved a unique degree of poetical heights, as Carlyle entitled his verses "liquid music"; we love him for the best of him—tragic, beauty-and-love-driven, Bobbie Burns—Scotland's greatest poet!

Town Topics

MARION MAGEE, '39.



Comes the revolution, comes Christmas, comes *Macy's*. When I say revolution, I mean it in so far as R. H. Macy & Co. plays a very definite part in the lives of the women of this college. Everyone thinks and looks *Macy's* (black, brown and navy blue), also circles under the eyes. Gerry Donnelly is so *Macy*-minded that they have made her a section manager. The toy department is filled with our Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and senile Seniors. Finally I am forced to say:

Two weeks before Christmas and all through the place,
Not a student was found who was not in the race,
To rush over to *Macy's*, to arrive on time;
To wait on some people, and punch out at nine.

Professors, professors, will you please be kind,
We'll know our lessons after Christmas you'll find.
We'll all get A's and hundreds and stuff,
But please, dear teacher, don't call our bluff.

Jean Bertrand won't let me quote her Christmas poem here, but if you ask her about it I'm sure she would love to tell you.

Judging from the reports I heard about the Peace Conference, I would say that we are all becoming a peace-loving bunch of females. For your information, our college had the largest representation there, and Mary Brady made a speech which was so good that it is still being talked about.

Remember that snow we had around Thanksgiving holidays? Well, one brave Freshman suggested that the Freshmen and Senior classes have a "free-for-all" and implied that they would make mincemeat out of the Seniors. Don't be deceived by our stooped shoulders, fatigued legs and arms and our gray hairs! My innocent lambs, did you notice the sparkle in our eyes? That's a sign of life and where there's life there's hope, and your class would not be the first to be beaten by antiquated Seniors. Remember, you will be our age some day.

Mr. Shea expects February and March to be very cold on account of he is planning to buy himself a great big raccoon fur coat. Vddy, vddy collegiate, Mr. Shea.

When a girl walked into Mr. Keough's class after having consumed an onion sandwich for lunch, and three other girls walked into the same class with a very obvious spearmint aroma about them, Mr. Keough said that he preferred the arresting odor of onions to spearmint anyday,— which is a very subtle way of saying that he doesn't like gum-chewing in class.

Well, they have finally caught up with Dorothy Irving. I mean the dogs have. Dot was chased all the way into the library by a couple of hounds, but when the dogs got to the library door they turned away in disgust. "A library," said they, "let's go somewhere else, we don't go in for book worms."

Some of the Juniors were discussing style of coiffures. Helen Mahoney made the startling remark that she was going to get a crew haircut for the Junior Prom. You will undoubtedly be different, Helen.

Psychology 22 had a rare discussion in class as to whether or not one should administer a good old-fashioned spanking when a child is naughty, or whether it would be better to consult psychology. Miss Gardiner asked for the opinions of the class and when she came to Kay McCaffrey, Kay said, "I would rather disturb the physical comfort of the child than his emotions."

One professor thinks that most women get only one opportunity in life to marry and they ought to take it when it comes because there might not be another. This puts some people on the spot who have already said no, but take my advice, don't put yourself definitely on the shelf until you are sixty; you will probably get a second chance after the World's Fair.

Lillian Easop has been trying to make an impression on the professors. Last term while driving her car she almost ran into Mr. Strassburger. This year she tried the same method of approach with Mr. Shea and Mr. McCaffrey. Really, Lillian, that's no way to make a hit.

Last month every girl in the place wore her hair piled on top of her head, this month everyone is knitting angora mittens. Kay McVey started something when she made a pair of mittens without thumbs. She claims they are much easier to knit that way, but I would like to know how she manages to fish a coin out of her bag while wearing the mittens. We have a regular comparison department set up in the locker room for the purpose of comparing prices and qualities of wool. For complete information consult the Fuzzy-Wuzzy Club under the direction of Florence Kennedy. She will be only too delighted to show you how to drop stitches.

A student approached the President of the Under-Graduate Society and announced that she had suffered a great loss and wondered if Miss Concannon could help her. When asked what the loss was, she replied

that a piece of her tooth had been lost, strayed or stolen and its absence was causing her a great inconvenience. The President said she would look into the matter. A few days later the same student again came up to Mary and said that she didn't like to cast any aspersions on anyone, but she had noticed that one of the Seniors who had lost part of a tooth in an accident suddenly appeared with another piece of tooth in the empty space and it looked very, very familiar. What did Miss Concannon say? Well, suppose you ask her.

The following was overheard in the locker room one day. Says one tall Junior to one small Sophomore, "Why don't you grow up, shrimp?" Says one small Sophomore to one tall Junior, "I'd rather be small and adored, than tall and admired." Very neat, little one!

Flo McGough has established herself as the eighth wonder of the world. She definitely does not like the songs "Star Dust" and "My Revery." There's something wrong somewhere.

Janet Lewis looks a little flustered these days. I know she is taking candid camera shots of the Seniors and everyone else for *Footprints*, but that doesn't account for that far-away look in her eyes. Is it possible that she thinks spring is here and her thoughts are turning to a young man's fancy?

Peggy Young told me that she was saving her pennies for a trip to Europe when she graduates. All contributions gratefully accepted.

Maureen Riordan has the happiest smile these days. Is that an indication that all goes well with *Footprints*?

I will sign off with a Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!

P. S. Seniors—Happy Senior Prom.

Personal

Where were You on the "Night of January 16th"?

Where was Larry Regan on the "Night of January 16th"?

Is Karen André guilty or not guilty?

The answer to these questions will be given by the Dramatic Club in the Auditorium on February 17th at 8:30.

You might be one of the paid jury chosen from the audience to decide the case.

We couldn't send a Christmas Card to
all of you, but we do wish both
Faculty and Student Body

A
Holy and a Happy
Christmas!



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Loria



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Brooklyn

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Catherine Constantine, '39.

The Bride

FRANCES DWYER, '41.

Her ladyship sat in the stiff Queen Anne chair by the window and watched the fire start and quiver and turn to fine gray ash in the grate. The room lay in semi-darkness so that the somber portraits in their gilt frames faded into purple smudges on the high stone walls, a pianoforte squatted, a shapeless bulk, in the far corner and her ladyship's canopied bed loomed massive in the center of the room. Alongside the woman there stood a small rounded table like a pedestal, and on this, a picture of a child with a pale, serious face whose eyes were turned directly upon the woman with a fixed rigidity.

One hand lay listlessly in her lap, but with the other arm the woman encircled the narrow diameter of the table. The posture was somehow not altogether incongruous. It seemed as if thus she might have held a small child, her arm affectionately clasped about his waist. Slowly, smiling softly so that the wrinkles multiplied upon her flabby cheeks, she raised her hand from her lap and pushed a loose strand of white hair beneath her black lace cap; then she started, here eyes flickered once or twice as if she had just awakened and she groped for the bell cord at her side.

"Dear me," she murmured, "I really must stop this dreaming, there's so much to be done. Where can that man be? Servants are so unreliable. She frowned in agitation as she jerked the silken tassel back and forth and the bell went echoing through the silent halls. Biting her lip, she turned toward the window and the frown faded.

The park spread out below her, a few spare trees, slumped dejectedly over mounds of brittle leaves as if mourning for the broken year. A narrow footpath twisted between these trees and terminated at the base of a great stone fountain, storm tossed and moulding, with a grey Pan raising a bilious face to the gray November sky. A girl stood leaning against the rim of the fountain bowl, a loose brown coat swirling about her causing her to assume at one moment the proportions of a giant balloon and the next outlining her long thin form rigid in the wind.

"Anna's such a sweet child, a little too solemn, perhaps, but so quiet and considerate. She's Edward's sort. Another girl might whine at having to live so far from town and we have so few visitors now." Her ladyship shook her head as if somewhat puzzled at the world's unkindness. "Perhaps it is better so, they were so cruel after Edward's illness; they tried to tell me he had died and would pretend not to see him when he stood beside my chair, watching them so quietly with his great solemn eyes. They were bad people, but it was so long ago, we have almost forgotten them and Edward does not seem to miss other young men of his own age as another son might. He is content with his books and his old mother, but it is time he had a wife. I shan't live forever as I told

him. And he likes Anna, that I know, for when I told him she was coming his eyes were bright and smiling. Tonight she shall . . .”

The old woman broke off her discourse as a man entered the room and began lighting the candles on the mantelpiece. The yellow glow made no imprint on his impassive face with its narrow watery eyes and its sunken cheeks. Her ladyship tapped her foot upon the ottoman impudently.

“Every year you grow more stupid, Stephen. Are you deaf that you could not hear the bell?”

The servant adjusted the blinds, poked at the glowing ashes in the fireplace with a charred stick, flicked a bit of dust from the pianoforte and finally turned toward her ladyship with a shrug of impatience, “What did you want, we were busy.”

The old woman trembled with suppressed rage. They treated her like a child. How dare they? That’s what comes of letting the lower class into politics. Such things never happened when his lordship was alive. In a voice of frosty dignity, she ordered, “We shall dine in my room this evening. Inform my niece.”

She had half planned to tell the servants of the great event, but had decided it was better not to. They were so inconceivably dull at times. Why often she was forced to remind them to send Edward’s supper to his room, when he ate alone. Half the time they seemed to forget that he was even in the house. Let them find out for themselves that they were soon to have a new mistress. With their sly gossiping ways, no doubt they would soon discover it.

* * * * *

The candle flame flickered over the delicate nymphs traced in the silver platters, and danced across the snowy whiteness of the linen. It flashed from the hundred crevices in the cut glass pitcher, cast a warm glow over the fruit in the great blue bowl and sparkled from the half-drained glasses of red wine. It made a little circle of light about the woman and the young girl seated at the table, but beyond this entranced circle the shadows surged forward eagerly. The girl watched the wine in her goblet grow bright as blood and a wave of heavy green nausea swept across her as she raised it to her lips. She had half expected to feel it clot within her mouth.

She did not know what it was that troubled her, but a vague uneasiness emanated from everything about her. This cold gray house with its dark halls, the servants watching her furtively, the wind sighing through the empty places, played upon her nerves and she wondered if all the other days would be like the first. Buried alive with a mad old woman as her companion. Of course they had told her of the aunt whose home she would share, but it hadn’t sounded quite so terrible then, in a London apartment with the roar of traffic down below. She had envisioned her as she was and had been prepared to hear her talk of the child who had died long years before as if he still lived. Yet it was

strange that the old lady had not once mentioned the boy to her. There was something rather threatening about her silence. Something the girl could not quite grasp.

Often during the course of the meal her ladyship had raised her head as if listening for something and the girl had found her twice gazing at her with a speculative smile frozen across her face. Somehow it had seemed like a caricature of her mother's face when she had some delightful secret in store for her as a child.

The girl raised her head and met the old woman's eyes. She tried to smile, but only an anemic flicker touched her mouth. The silence was deadening and yet the old woman heard something, she was sure. Almost the girl felt as if she might hear it too, as if she should hear a chair scrape across the floor, or a window close in the room above.

Desperately she dug her nails into her palm and tried to speak naturally, but her voice was high and shrill when she broke the silence, "Aunt, dear, don't you think I had better leave you now, I don't want to tire you on my first day here."

The old lady laughed, "Tire me child? Why I'm just as wide awake as you young people. I've something I must show you, though."

Slowly she raised herself from the chair and walked to a huge oaken chest at the foot of her bed. She knelt before it, her black silk spread in a circle about her. With infinite delicacy she raised the latches and attempted to throw back the cover.

"Oh, I'm afraid I'm not quite as spry as I might be. Will you help, dear?"

The girl was at her side and together they raised the heavy lid. An odor reminiscent of musty corridors in old museums or like the scent of dime magazines drifted from the chest. Holding the cover wide, the girl watched the old woman rummage through piles of lace and satin. Finally, with a little sigh of pleasure, she drew out a mass of white and silver satin. Anna echoed her sigh, "Oh, it's lovely. Was it yours, when you were young?"

"It was my wedding dress. It's beautiful isn't it?" The old woman pressed her wizen face against the dress and her fingers fondled the long full skirt lovingly. "Please let me see you in it child, I always wanted my son's bride to wear it, you see."

Anna dropped the lid back into place and took the gown from her. She slipped her brown woolen dress from her shoulders and as the woman watched with glistening eyes, she struggled into the tight bodice. The white stuff swirled about her feet.

"Let me fasten it, child," and the woman trembling with eagerness buttoned the lace at the back. Then she turned the girl toward her. "You are so beautiful, so beautiful. Here a bride must carry this. "And stooping she lifted from the floor a yellowed prayer book with worn white ribbons.

(Continued on Page Twenty-six)

"Dreams the Drowsy Gods Breathe"

MARIE BIRMINGHAM, '40.

The poetry of William Butler Yeats is a record of growth, development, and final fruition, a constantly moving cycle brought to its completion by his death, his journey to "that far household where the undying gods await." He is always faithful to the original lyric impulse, the quest for beauty.

Yeats' early poetry sought to further the Celtic revival in its attempt to create a body of Irish literature in the English language. This influence is clearly seen in his constant use of the myths, the tales of the little people, the phrases, the lilting speech of his country. He said of himself in a delightful essay—which has since been suppressed—"I am an old little Irish spirit and I sit in the hedges and watch the world go by. I care for nothing in the world but love and idleness. If my voice at whiles grows distant and dreamy . . . remember that I have seen all from my hole in the hedge." At this time he wrote pure lyrics, spun of shadow and story and far lights and "the phantom, Beauty, in a mist of tears." He grew imperceptibly into mysticism, into song replete with allusion and allegory. He deliberately used symbols, which he later called, "the pagan speech I made amid the dreams of youth." His mystic poetry, even when most obscure, is exquisite. He used those wonderful faltering rhythms, that are so strange, so lulling, so haunting. The sheer beauty of sound that he attained mark him, even in this early period, as a great poet. Every line he wrote was luminous with the pale beauty of Celtic twilight. Typical of this dreamy lyricism, this inexplicable melancholy is *The Withering of the Boughs*

" . . . I know of the leafy paths that the witches take,
Who come with their crowns of pearl and their spindles of wool,
And their secret smile, out of the depths of the lake;
I know where a dim moon drifts, where the Danaän kind
Wind and unwind their dances when the light grows cool
On island lawns, their feet where the pale foam gleams.
No boughs have withered because of the wintry wind;
The boughs have withered because I have told them my dreams."

In William Butler Yeats nature is always naturally used; it is there by virtue of his deep love and his intimate knowledge of all its aspects. He never consciously employs it as did Wordsworth, yet each tree, each bird cry, each shaft of moonlight has for him a rich significance.

In his love poetry is concentrated all of the high swift desire of his passionate nature. He, like Forgael of *The Shadowy Waters*, passes quickly beyond the "brief kind delight" of the physical to love of an extraordinary spiritual intensity. His work for the Irish theater movement continues in the vein of myth and fairy; the best of it are the

early lyric plays. These create a perfect illusion; they are magic. They possess the audience. *The Hour Glass*, *The Land of Heart's Desire*, *The Shadowy Waters*—these are slight to some, but they are nevertheless, radiant, delicate, enchanted, breathless. They are "beyond the misty borders of the world." Perhaps in offering them to the public Yeats overestimated the aesthetic possibilities of the theater, but this does not, obviously, concern their intrinsic worth. Each contains several splendid songs, the best known of which is the Fairy's Song in the *Land of Heart's Desire*, the disturbing, melodious

"The wind blows out of the gates of the day
The wind blows over the lonely of heart
And the lonely of heart is withered away
While the faeries dance in a place apart
Shaking their milk-white arms in the air. . . ."

His later plays are less poetic, and not appreciably better drama. *Deirdre* is best when most lyric—as the moment before the doomed lovers part when Deirdre says to her husband:

"Do you remember that first night in the woods
We lay all night on leaves, and looking up,
When the first grey of dawn awoke the birds,
Saw leaves above us? You thought that I still slept
And bending down to kiss me on the eyes
Found they were open. Bend and kiss me now
For it may be the last. . . ."

Always, whether in play or poetry, Yeats had a fastidious touch, an attention to clean lines, that leaves after his revision flawless simplicity. He came back to poetry from his work in the theater with an increased lucidity, an additional clarity, a closer affinity to the spoken language that had been indicated but not realized in his younger writing. His work was now less rapturous, less ecstatic; but he was still, he was always, intoxicated by beauty:

". . . a glimmering girl
With apple-blossoms in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.
Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time and times are done,
The golden apples of the sun,
The silver apples of the moon."

(Continued on Page Twenty-eight)

He's Late

ANAMARIE A. MURPHY, '41.

Look at the time! He's late again. After all, he set the time. You'd think that when he arranges an hour the least he could do would be to get here. Was that a car? No! Are you sure? It must have been. Oh, it went past. What does he care if he keeps me waiting? Everyone will be there hours before we prance in—late as usual. There's the phone! Probably dear Jerry telling me he's sorry but he forgot all about the dance. Who is it? Oh! Mrs. Kemp—why did she have to call right now? Jerry will be trying to get me and she'll be gabbing away about nothing at all. There's the knocker! It's Dad. I didn't know he was out. I should have gone to the prom with Ted. I know he dances like a robot but at least he's on time. Early in fact. When did I ever say it annoyed me to have them come ahead of time? . . . Here's Jerry now!—about time. He said eight-thirty and its twenty-five to nine. What, he's got a box under his arm. He must have stopped for flowers, the darling! Of course I'm not mad at him. Why should I be? He's not late—only five minutes anyway. Hurry, answer the door. Where's my lipstick? Why didn't I put it on before? I'll never be ready. Go down and keep him amused.

I Wonder

You're gone.
I've forgotten.
That's how it should be.

I'm glad
You desisted
From calling on me.

Yet that piece
They're playing
Recalls the night

You told me
You loved me
And I laughed outright.

I'm glad
It's over.
I couldn't stand you.

Yet that piece—
I wonder?
If Tom were you—

Would I dance
Any gayer
As I used to do?

ANAMARIE A. MURPHY, '41.

Mrs. Twittledown and the City Alderman

(With a deep bow in the direction of Ogden Nash.)

ANNE LEWIS, '43.

Mrs. Twittledown was a sensation seeker.

Whether a steamboat was being launched, or a chimney cleaned, or a dirigible christened, Mrs. Twittledown was always in the first row.

Mrs. Twittledown always made the first page of the news.

She had her picture taken with foreign diplomats, social workers, and the President's prize fish.

She was usually the third from the left.

Her friends could recognize her by her hats.

The city aldermen could also recognize Mrs. Twittledown by her hats.

Her hats were a trifle extreme.

That is, by comparison.

The city aldermen did not like Mrs. Twittledown.

They were sick of seeing her in the papers.

The pay-off came when the city hall burned down and a close-up of Mrs. Twittledown toasting marshmallows over the embers appeared in print one day.

She was wearing a new hat.

The aldermen determined to keep Mrs. Twittledown's hats out of the public eye.

They informed the newspapers that Mrs. Twittledown was not to have her picture taken again.

Mrs. Twittledown must stay off the front page, they said.

Why doesn't she stay home like other women? they asked.

The editors all said they would attend to the matter. Mrs. Twittledown wouldn't sneak into their pictures again.

No sir.

Next morning Mayor LaGuardia opened a subway. Mrs. Twittledown helped shovel dirt.

Her picture was in all the newspapers.

Every single newspaper.

The city council held a meeting.
They discussed Mrs. Twittledown.
They discussed her at great length.

Finally, one of the aldermen conceived a Plan. He called Mr. Twittledown.

Mr. Twittledown was a meek man. Mr. Twittledown loved Mrs. Twittledown very dearly. He wished she would stay at home more often.

Mr. Twittledown grew quite lonely at times, he confided.

His was a very affectionate nature, he explained. He liked someone to say "hello" to occasionally.

He didn't ask for much, he said. Just someone to say "hello" to occasionally.

The aldermen sympathized with Mr. Twittledown. They said maybe they could help Mr. Twittledown. So they outlined the Plan.

If Mr. Twittledown would refuse to buy his wife any more hats, maybe she would stay home more often.

Mr. Twittledown agreed to try the Plan.

The Plan was a great success.

In succession there were two earthquakes, four shipwrecks, and a triangle, and no pictures of Mrs. Twittledown.

The city council was very pleased.

Oh, yes, indeed.

The editors were very pleased.

Mayor LaGuardia opened a subway all by himself.

Mayor LaGuardia was very pleased.

But one morning Mrs. Twittledown made the front page again. She had shot her husband. He was too affectionate, she explained to reporters.

Mrs. Twittledown was looking very well. She was wearing a new hat.



The Cog in the Machine Speaks Up

KATHERINE SHEA, '38.

What do most people look for when they complete the process of formal education? Vincent Sheean, looking back at this period of his life in *Personal History*, writes, "I had come to want what, I suppose, most maturing people want: to give this unique possession, this one life, somehow a relation to the world of which it was a tiny sequence—to attach it, and articulate it, so that comprehension might eventually light up the darkness, in which it had to be continued."

The majority of us, I think, go through this period of wanting to "articulate" our lives, to tie up our existence with the developing civilization of which we are a part. We want to teach, to write, to act, to do social work, to be a business woman: and all these things are inextricably bound up in our minds with the field as a whole, and that is further bound up with its contribution to life in general.

It is a little disconcerting, after subconsciously associating ourselves with world trends, to discover that the process of "articulation" has been stifled before it has drawn one, good, solid breath. Here we are, all ready to take our part in history as it is being written, and we find ourselves with "just a job." And yet, I feel that "just a job" has a great deal to offer in the development of understanding and tolerance and even of a sense of values.

Primarily, of course, there is the actual experience of the particular work in which we are engaged. Whether it be filing, typing, stenography, or just talking to people, none of it is without worth. Perhaps, in that distant day when we do realize our ambitions, we will find just such experience extremely valuable. One of our alumna, who spent some time doing clerical work, and who is now teaching, told me that it helped her immeasurably in keeping up with all the clerical intricacies involved in teaching. Who knows but that some future Dorothy Thompson may rejoice that she was able to type the first interview with Hitler's successor? Or that some future housewife may rejoice, even more enthusiastically, that she could file recipes in an orderly fashion?

Over and above the actual work, there is the ever-broadening experience of meeting people. Whenever anyone says to me, "I hear you're working; how do you like it?", I always want to answer as Anne Lindbergh did about Russia. Her answer was, "It isn't *It*; it's *Them*; and I like them." Work isn't *It*, either; it's *Them*.

In school, friendships are limited, almost invariably, to people with the same general backgrounds. With our friends we share, usually, our religion, our education, our philosophy of living. We may not be on the same financial plane, but we come from homes comfortable in affection and devotion. At work, the picture is entirely reversed. We borrow pencils from a girl whose "long view" of life, to borrow again

from Vincent Sheean, is diametrically opposed to ours; we ask the time of another who has never known security or family life; we lunch with a third who neither knows nor acknowledges any religion.

It is both a challenge and an incentive. It is a challenge because they can teach us so much. I have worked with Jewish girls whose tolerance and genuine charity have made me feel deeply ashamed. I have met men and women, of little education, who, by sheer force of personality and native intelligence, have risen to positions of tremendous responsibility. And I have heard theorists defend their ideals with a courage and a zeal lacking in many of us.

It is an incentive, too, because we can teach them so much. We have the pearl of great price and it is ours to share. Not by an everlasting defense of the faith, which is so unnecessary and so uncalled for, but by a simple respect for our own religion and for the religion of others, can we gain friends for our faith. We, who cry charity and understanding, courage and fortitude, have only to exert a very small portion of what is inherently ours, and we will be met much more than half way.

I have been a long time saying it, but I have only been trying to say that a "job" is an adventure. Most of us, like Melville, prefer to look at the stars and regard it as a stage in our development, a sort of ground glass stage. Maybe it is; but I am sure that it can be a forward stage if we will but make it so. Sometimes ground glass is very good for our intellectual and spiritual digestion.

Growth

Rejoice in growth, my child
Reach high and clasp the sun
Drink deep the fertile rain
Cast off the mould, unstained.

Seek new earth, new seed
Welcome cold, unfriendly winds
Fear not the floods of spring
Brave the storms the summers bring.

Reason not why such should be
Strive ever tall, strong and free
Know that when harvest time is nigh
Your branches then shall sweep yon sky.

FRANCES DWYER, '41.

The Chair of Peter

HELEN KANE, '40.

The papacy, the center of Christendom, has lived through periods of religious, economic and political strife. Its existence through nineteen centuries has engendered the acknowledgement and respect of all creeds and classes. As the world at large has gazed upon the Vatican it has focused its attention always on the central figure, the reigning pontiff.

About a month ago the world still looking toward Rome, mourned. The throne of Peter was empty. Pope Pius XI was dead. With his passing all nations saw the loss of a staunch defender of Christian principles and humane rights. They witnessed the eternal departure of the promoter of peace—understanding—charity. They heard the death knell's hearkening call separate from them their great spiritual and intellectual leader. The whole world was numbed at the loss of the inspired and benign pastor of Christendom. The pope of peace died—but not before his dying body mustered enough strength to bless all with Apostolic Benediction.

After the solemn period of universal mourning had ceased the eyes of the populace again turned toward the Vatican. This time there was rejoicing and exaltation. Once again a pontiff sat upon the chair of Peter. His Eminence Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli was the recipient of this high ecclesiastical office. He humbly entered his clerical suzerainty with the prayer that he might continue the work of Church and State so ably regulated by his worthy predecessor. He chose the spiritual name Pius as a living memorial toward the continuance of the Christian ideals of the late Pontiff.

Pope Pius XII., is regarded by the known world as one of the greatest statesmen of modern times. Exceptionally versed in the art of diplomacy, he begins his pontificate in the midst of international intrigue and confusion. His political experience in statecraft as Cardinal Secretary makes him a capable master and one well able to guide his flock spiritually through temporal difficulties. Withal, his humility will earn the respect of nations. His linguistic abilities indicate a universal interest in mankind.

At this critical time of economic confusion and political chaos, the world should accept this choice with unanimous approval. During this crucial period of anti-Christian philosophies and anti-religious doctrines the whole of Christendom should rejoice at this papal election.

And now as our eyes wander towards Rome our hearts are filled both with sorrow and with joy. Our sorrow is heavy and burdened at the loss of a great father. Our joy is great and exalted at the gain of a new leader. As we continue to look, our lips move in prayer and say "May the soul of the Holy Pontiff rest in peace. May his successor continue his noble work for the greater glory of God."

The Whirling Flair

MARIAN NOEL, '40



Mary McNamee, 39.

This spring, fashion is dervishing with all its might, and those who care will have to step pretty lively if they want to be in the swing. Style is wired for sound in the swish of taffeta, and screened in technicolor, featuring the gay, brilliant, reckless hues of the approaching Fair. But, whatever your preference in mode or shade, you'll be frivolously feminine—or else. First of all, you'll let your heels and toes play peek-a-boo in shoes that run the gamut from the demure to the hussy, according to taste. The myriad types allow a rugged individuality. We saw the pair just designed to win an Oscar, raised in regal glory on a platform studded with nailheads.

When you've put your best foot forward, you'll like to top it with a new suit. Here, too, the sky's the limit, the range *soignée* to *jeune fille*. For sophistication, nothing supersedes a dressmaker suit with fur and fine detail. Among the runners-up are intriguing models trimmed in crocheted lace and the ever smart, gleaming piqué. An innovation cleverly concocted to turn head and heart is a bolero number, the jacket lined in rustling taffeta and the skirt ravishly revealing a matching petticoat.

Anything goes, so far as gadabout suits are concerned. You can match, blend or contrast colors *ad infinitum*. If you're a bit Bohemian, the tri-color motif might occupy your creative ingenuity. As basic costume notes, the varying shades of fuchsia, lime green and gold are particularly new and flattering in addition to their being as appealing as the first crop of crocuses. You can play solids against checks, stripes or plaids in skirt and jacket combinations.

Lingerie comes right out into the open in "little girl" blouses, showing more tucks, pleats and frills than you've had since your christening days. Relieve the sleek simplicity of a strictly tailored suit by softness and sweetness in the blouse, or vice versa, gain the illusion of calm by combining a tailored rayon jersey with the flamboyant sporty suit.

Our under-cover staff reports a minor revolution in the petticoat industry. It seems you simply aren't completely outfitted if your nether garments don't swish and peek. From unsuspecting hemlines peep stripes, polka dots, flower prints, vivid Scotch plaids, solid laces and

ruffles, and dainty eyelet embroidery. The tops of these darling affairs are no less novel. Even as did Granny away back, you'll be wearing camisole uppers with wide lace straps and tied with coy ribbons for fit. They are ideal under the aforementioned sheer lingerie blouse. We would also tell you of the hooped petticoat to inflate a huge, short skirt, but we feel its practicality went out with Marie Antoinette's collar button.

This petticoat fever is probably the reason why skirts are shorter. They still have grace and charm, though, because they are cut fuller and have a circular swirl.

Here's a tid-bit inspired by the swains who will promenade with their respective little ladies in the Easter Parade. Headgear has regained some semblance of sanity, plus a delightful flair of femininity. Brims are larger, crowns are taller, trimmings abound in saucy flowers, bunches of ribbon and cascades of veiling. The inevitable, irresistible sailor again rides the crest of the wave in popularity. We think a Congressional medal should be cast for the one we saw in rough, natural straw, girdled with grosgrain and swathed in misty, embroidered veiling. You can earn an extra gold star by being among the first to own one of the latest colorful flower-and-spray ornaments, inserted like a hatpin at the properly rakish angle in the new *chapeau*. Another joyful prediction for spring is that you must let plenty of gleaming hair emerge from under the dream hat.

For gay spring formals, the "pretty as a picture" portrait gowns are still holding first place. We feel obliged to report the gypsy trend in evening wear, but if you're not the type, avoid them like the plague or you'll resemble a refugee from the Birch Bark Campfire Girls' Association.

There's a silhouette, new as a Jefferson nickel, being lauded at fashion meets, called "Dutchboy." It emphasizes tight bodices, full sleeves, generous skirt, loose pleats, and a row of buttons, chin to hem. It's billowy piquant and as arresting as a speed ticket.

While you're clicking knitting needles these days, purl out a chubby angora jacket to dramatize your pastels later on. Or as an alternative wear angora collar and revers for that soft, knitted effect.

We are complacently smug to think we have discovered the solution to many a distracted young lady's need. The department stores now have on sale a pajama and skirt ensemble. The usefulness of the pajama is, of course, obvious. But the practicality of the skirt, which can be wound on and adjusted in a jiffy, is the novelty. When called insistently to a delayed breakfast, or beckoned by an insistent but inopportune knock on the door or other hapless emergency, one can thereby present a thoroughly discreet, modish, and collected appearance as well as the accompanying sense of utter *savoir faire*.

Poems

The splendor and the quiet
Of these ancient silent courtyards
Where I walk, I, unattended,
Are as once dreamed, long loved
And lately half-forgotten dim desires.
The green between the smooth worn flags,
The light and shadow of the faded tapestries,
The dusty fountain base, the noiseless walls
Are remembered and not new, were known
Somewhere in some other time—
The silver sun makes splashes on the stone
And on my face, and on my hair
And on my unaccustomed flowing dress.
And I recall in its pale, gentle warmth
That I come here seeking someone—
Someone that I had hoped to find,
Now that I am dead.

MARIE BIRMINGHAM, '40.

The End

Out of the East, storm clouds advancing
Clarion call and roll of drums
Out of the East, clenched hand upraising
Lord of the World, the Great Bear comes.

Loud the wild geese, shrill the wild wind,
Sand piles high on Egypt's barren floors;
Proud star and crescent are buried forever
Whilst rolls red thunder past Tyrian shores.

The days of the faith are numbered
And the harvest is swept by the tide
The fields lie barren and stricken
Beneath the flaming sky.

Then shall the dark hosts triumphant
Crash through the gates of Rome.
With glory and wisdom and power,
Shall they stand before Peter's dome.

But when their laughter's spent and the night is near
The warmth of the battle has fled
Shall they watch in silence by the fiery beacon of Rome
And learn of her might from the dead.

FRANCES DWYER, '41.

Death of a Soldier

FRANCES MICELI, '42.

The dawn was just coming up. Felipe raised his eyes slowly from where he stood, and stared dully around him. The stiffly pleated mountains looked blue in the distance. He looked at them hungrily. They brought back memories. Behind those blue mountains there were comfortable little farms. One of them was his home. He looked away. He was standing against a great concrete building, that was shell-shot and torn. In front of him was the prison. Near-by were guards with their guns ready for any sudden move the prisoners might make.

Suddenly from this prison emerged a short fat man. Felipe supposed he was the Captain. His heavy boots were sorely in need of a shine. He was trying to tie the cartridge belt around his protruding stomach, as he shouted to the guard. "Overfed," thought Felipe.

"How many are there?" the Captain was demanding.

"Thirty, Señor," came the reply.

"Only thirty?" said the Captain making a wry face. He was still in the act of trying to buckle his belt. His face was flushed.

"Bring me the new gun," he shouted angrily. The gun was brought by soldier and placed on its tripod.

"I'll use it myself," said the Captain again.

He looked at the row of men ahead of him just as a hungry wolf looks at its prey before he devours it. Some of the faces were grim. Others were smiling; still others dazed, emotionless.

The man next to Felipe—no, not a man, he was not yet twenty—mumbled a few words, then crossed himself. Sweat was pouring down his face, as if it were exposed to the broiling sun.

The officer had finally succeeded in tying the belt around himself and walked up to the gun. His face was serious now.

"About face," he commanded.

At least, thought Felipe, they have the decency to make you turn your back to death, instead of facing it outright.

"Five paces forward."

The men lumbered forward, shuffling their feet so that the dry parched dust rose.

"Halt!" he said just as one man was proceeding to take another step forward.

From where Felipe stood, he could see in the distance the white steeple of a church with the blue gray sky as its background. A few months ago the world had seemed wide and safe. Felipe's heart was beat-

ing as though it would burst. Why were they waiting so long? Why didn't they shoot and get it over with? He swore to himself. The gun spoke. The bullets swept along the line of prisoners tearing through flesh and bone, rock and earth. The dust rose in small puffs. The men fell with a thud, like sand bags dropping to the hard earth.

The earth was cold and damp to Felipe as he lay on his chest. The stones were sharp against his face. He could still hear the bullets whizzing above his head, aiming at the one's who weren't hit by the first mirage of fire. The gun ceased. A few yards away, a man was screaming, his voice horribly shrill. Then, the officer's voice, hateful, mocking, contemptible. "All of you who can get up will be freed."

"No, no," whispered Felipe, "Don't get up. Don't get up. They'll trick you." At the officer's words, every man who had an ounce of breath left in him arose. Some on their knees, some on their hands. Again the gun spoke. This time it seemed, with grim determination to gain its purpose.

"I was right. It was a trick," thought Felipe.

Slowly he tried to open his eyes. One of them pained frightfully. A little while ago his world had been blue mountains and steeples; now all he could see was a small piece of earth with little pebbles. His world had shrunk to nothing. He watched an ant crawl laboriously toward him. It reached his forehead, and crawled in the open wound. Its feet were like needles. He moved his head slightly trying to shake it off.

"There's one" said a voice.

"Where?"

"Over there." Felipe heard approaching steps. "He's no more dead than I am." The ant continued to walk up and down his wound. The pain was unbearable. If he could only scream. That would be more comforting. The officer's steps were nearing. He became tense.

"God, let it be quick! Let me lie still," he prayed. He looked at the officer's cracked boots. Saw one rise and fall. The gun spoke, then a sharp pain. A pause. The officer's laugh. Then, "It was a good Gun."

Everything that happened a few days ago seemed years away. The fighting in the streets, the bursting of bombs, the screams of the wounded, the crumbling of buildings, the gasps of the dying, his father's face in death. All this came back to him in an instant.

It was peaceful to go this way. He had lived a man's life. He had had his Hell on earth. He didn't care. Wasn't it only last week that he became sixteen? Or was it the week before? How long had he been fighting for what he believed? Was it a year? Or—he couldn't think any more. It was too hard to think. Too hard. Too hard. Too tired Tir—

His eyes rolled toward where his hand lay in the dust. There was no power left in it. Setting his teeth, he clenched his fist until it lay outstretched in the direction of the prison.

Easter Sunday
March 28, 1937
Rome, Italy.

DEAR MOTHER:—

Happy Easter, mommy, to you and the kiddies. Was the Easter bunny good to them? I'm dying to receive your letter describing how you spent this glorious day. Right now I'm going to tell you about mine. Auntie B., (I call her that for fun) pounced on me early this morning. We had to go to 7:00 A. M. Mass, because—well—just because.

Well, they told me the Easter Bunny left something in the bottom drawer. Guess what was there?—a little dark-haired, colorful, Italian doll. She is super, and is called Nanita. However, the most important event of the day, the most thrilling incident, probably, of the whole trip, is a topic that I could write books about, instead of just a letter. That is, the Easter Mass and Procession at St. Peter's in the Vatican.

Surprisingly, we received enough tickets to admit five of us—and not just standing space! We had benches to sit on. (You know, in the two thousand churches in Rome proper, there are only a few kneeling benches or pews. There is usually just a square pile of reed chairs in the middle of an enormous church.)

We arrived at St. Peter's at 8:40 A. M. We gave our extra tickets to a group of American priests, instead of to the Italian vendors, who flocked about us. At about 9:30, eighty American sailors arrived, and with an official leading them (probably the American consul) they marched, double file, through an arch of the swords of the soldiers of the Pope's army, to the chancel, and there formed a guard of honor.

Finally, at 10:45, the Cardinals, with their long red trains flowing and ermine capes about their shoulders, and the Monsignors in purple with squirrel capes, and all the priests and guards began to arrive. Then came His Holiness, Pope Pius, XI., seated in a sort of chariot which was covered with two enormous ostrich fans extended on high poles.

Two American priests had helped me get up on a pillar, so that I could see everything, and never did I see such a beautiful face. He was very weak, but oh, you could see the happiness bursting and the gladness and holiness radiant. And never in my life have I seen such cheering and crowds, and yet what order. It seems funny, to us Americans, but these Italians were bubbling with pride and joy. When he got to his throne in back of St. Peter's altar, and on which Mass is said, he was helped off his chair and he walked up the four steps to his throne, *alone*. He looked as if he were suffering though, and everyone was in tears, especially the Pope. It was very touching. All during the Mass, the Cardinals, who have not had private audiences with him in months, changed special robes every five minutes, and, after kissing his ring, they sat next to him and spoke with him.

The Blessed Sacrament was not exposed until the Consecration, so it was like a crowded square until that time, but then the Swiss guards and the soldiers clashed their swords and everyone (except me, who, at 11:15 A. M. was still hugging the corner of the pillar), knelt in reverence and silence.

Well, after Mass, the trumpets played again, the people cheered and waved and shrieked, in tears, while the Pope came down the aisle again, and blessing them, he smiled his radiant smile at them. It certainly seemed to be another miraculous Resurrection in modern times. But there seemed to be the feeling in the throngs of people that it was his last public appearance, but one that will not be forgotten in a few years. When he reached the back of the church, he did something that has never happened before! He had his guards turn the curule around so that he faced the people and blessed them.

Then there was a grand surge for the door, and everyone awaited His Holiness' appearance on the main balcony. The plaza was a solid mass of humanity—never before have I seen such crowds. (Mussolini didn't even get one-sixth of this number at his address the other day.) Well, at 12:53, the Pope gave the benediction to the entire world, and amidst cheers and clapping, he left the balcony.

By this time we were so hungry that we went to Alfredo's, a restaurant world famous for home-made noodles. But even Alfredo's and Rome can't compensate for you and the rest of the family. Don't be lonely. I'll see you all in three months and twelve days.

Love to everyone,

Connie

(Ed. Note:—This is the actual recording of a young girl's impression of Easter in Rome. The author is Constance Theiss, '43.)

Song For Spring

Breathe softly, now, gentle winds

The dread spell's breaking

Fall gently, here, softest rain

For earth's reawakening.

See from your age-old haunts

Earth's gladsome exuberance

Pity this tender life

This youthful extravagance.

Think not of later days

Of Autumn's decadence

See but this loveliness

Of Springtime's radiance.

Blow gently, then, tender winds

Whispering playfully

Caressing the fragrant earth

Blossoming gracefully.

S. D. M., '39.

Mental Reactions of a Student During One Day's Worrying

MARY McCUE.'40.

Time—9 A. M.

Please God, don't let him call on me—oh, oh he is looking in this direction with that pouncing glance of his. No, it's not possible. Things like this can't happen to me all the time. Surely with ninety-eight students in the class he might miss me. Even though I did the work, I know I won't remember whatever he asks me. Gee what does he think we are anyway? Human filing cases? No one could remember all that stuff. Why should I let him scare me? After all every one is human and he can't do any more than give me a zero. I just won't be scared—no, not me. Whose name did he call? Whose? Miss McCann? Oh for a second I thought—but then, what difference would it make? After all I'm not scared—much.

Time—10 A. M.

It certainly is nice and warm next to this radiator. Guess I'll sit here every day. I wish I could hear what the Prof. is saying. Nice dress she has on today. Now I can hear her. She wants the window opened? How nice—now we can freeze while she gets some fresh air. Well, I won't open this one very much. After all I have to sit next to it. Wonder what time it is? Maybe if I move a little I can see Ann's watch. Ten after ten? Impossible! Her watch must have stopped. I'm sure I've been here at least half an hour. If she would speak more slowly I might be able to write it down, but at the rate she is going I miss every other sentence. This is awful. I suppose I could offer up my mental suffering for the souls in Purgatory. Wish I had something to eat. A nice sandwich would help a lot. I wonder what I'll get for lunch? I hope they have Boston Cream Pie for dessert today. Ten more minutes to wait. I'll put my books together and be ready to leave. Will the bell ever ring? Which professor was it who thought we were so conditioned that once we heard the bell we jumped at once? If only it would ring? Ah, there it goes. Music to my ears.

Time—4 P. M.

Class has resumed and here, for a change, is a group of girls who are really interested in the lecture. It is remarkable how he can be so interesting while some professors are so dull. That suit looks nice. I wonder why he always wears the same colors? It seems that he's telling a story. He has a swell sense of humor. Too bad there are not more people like

that. Four-thirty already. What a difference between this period and this morning's boring one. He certainly must know his material to be able to talk for such a long time without referring to notes. It is very stuffy in here. What a run Eunice has in her stocking! She will be here all night if she ever starts to sew it. One of the miseries of life. The bell again. Well, that certainly was a short period.

Time—5 P. M.

It certainly gets dark early during the winter months. There goes the five o'clock bell and he hasn't come yet. Maybe he won't be in. But that would be too good. Here he comes. Now that he has us seated like a group of alphabetical blocks, he is going to take the attendance. Well, I can rest for a while now. I wonder how old he is? Rather young, I guess—he has a nice smile. Hungry again and I won't be home until seven o'clock. I guess I'd better ask a question and look interested. I wonder how long it will take to do the ethics? Discipline in the classroom—what a topic! This makes the third class in which I have been told about discipline. I might as well be reading a book as listening to all this. It won't be long now before the bell rings. Only two classes tomorrow. What a relief. There's the bell and the end of another day. Only ninety-eight more days until summer vacation.

Carnival Girl

She danced,
A glittering circle of swirling green skirt
Amid a fiesta company.
She held her head high, and a tempting smile
Sparkled with the freshness
Of new paint. Her hair shone
With sequins—a golden glow.
A tossing peacock plume
Rode above the tumbling curls,
But her eyes, behind their green carnival mask,
Were dull and strained
From searching lantered corners.
Pablo had not come,
And to-night Mad José rode
In search of men's cattle.—
She must dance on and smile.
Perhaps Pablo was only watching the purple
midnight
Settle on the hills.
Then there were men,
Men in dark coats, carrying someone,
Someone limp and heavy.
Pablo had come
But Mad José had sent him.

ANAMARIE A. MURPHY, '41.



Agatina Carbonaro, '40.

Sentiment Versus Reason

"EDEN HAYWOOD," '41.

Calm, reassuring words fell upon the mass that but a moment before had been seething about the bank doors. The vein of reason was tapped. The tenseness relaxed slightly. The mill of minds slowly ground in the assuring words. Reason was winning—slowly—slowly. No, there was nothing to fear. Suddenly the widow shrieks. Her hard-earned money! The emaciated father begs hoarsely for his life savings to care for his crippled boy. Then struggling reason, like Isyphus, loses its burdensome prize downhill. *Hysteria!* The terrifying disease of a mob. What caused it? Emotion—fear? Not alone—their fear had been dispelled. Sentiment! The weary widow, the ailing boy! Many a barroom "guest" has cried into his beer over the same provocative theme of a song.

Witness the framework of our bank scene. *Hysteria*—rising from sentiment—sentiment emanating from over-emphasized emotion—pity, fear. But why should the emotions be graced with more emphasis than any other life forces? Man, the rational animal, abandons his rationality when he is led by sentiment, that dripping blanket that can best be laid over weak minds to hide their deficiencies. Best, we say, for we do not overlook the fact that sentiment does play a loud part in the formation of opinion, but the fact that it does, does not argue for the essentiality of this blight in man's necessary make-up. Emotions were never meant to be worn like a sandwich sign, and when they are, it is part of man's struggle to restore them to their proper place.

The current stage production *American Way* lent to this writer the bank scene, a panoramic view of a flag-waving populace, enthusiastic over cherished concepts of freedom and liberty, whose very bases, are in reason, but which bases are unexplored by that flag-waving mass, or if they are probed, it is done only as an afterthought in self-defense. Proof of this can be seen in America's participation in the World War. Sentiment for an idea of democracy, deemed peculiar only to America, swayed an enthusiastic citizenry to war. It stopped to reason only when the war was over and then wondered at the futility of the victory. Certainly the American can be proud of his freedom, but it means more than the last line of a national anthem. It is part of his life, of his individuality and comes to him first through reason.

"So, Dear Public—advertisers, propagandists, agitators, W. P. A. workers, preachers of college spirit and all—please leave my heart strings alone. They are immune to your wish-washy notes." Sentiment can only disintegrate principle, the bulwark of life and reasoned activity. Leave us to our full sensibility, reveling in reason, undulled and unbound by the wasping influence of sentiment.

THE BRIDE

(Continued from Page Seven)

The girl accepted the book and watched the shadows chase across the old woman's face. Somehow there seemed to be a strange fragrance in the room of musk roses and incense. She shivered suddenly. The old woman had turned and walked toward the door. Standing there, her back to the girl, she had commanded softly,—“Come, my child, you musn't keep him waiting”—and she had opened the door that led into the long dark hall.

Anna stood perfectly still, all her common sense revolting from the sad drama the old woman would have her play. Yet something urged her, perhaps it was pity, perhaps a sense of propriety as if the stage were set and her part had been decided long ago. Mechanically she followed the old woman to the door and down the dark hall to the narrow winding stairway. The floor above was pitch black and a childhood fear caused the girl to recoil in terror from the darkness.

The old woman turned impatiently, her eyes feverish, wide. With a strength she had not exhibited before, she grasped the girl by the arm and pulled her after her up the bare stone steps, her nails cutting into the bare flesh. Stumbling, and cold with terror, Anna let herself be dragged down another darker hall. Suddenly they rounded a corner and the old woman stopped before a door. The girl screamed, once shrilly and clasped her hand over her mouth. A thin stream of light was pouring from beneath the crevice.

Without noticing the girl, but still holding her firmly, the woman fitted a key into the lock, turned the handle and pulled Anna after her into the room. At first all the girl could see was the glare of two huge candles set upon a sideboard, but as her eyes grew accustomed to the light, the furniture took form. The room was crowded with dark oak and darker draperies were pulled across the windows. Upon shelves and tables were stacks of books covered with thick layers of dust. A large full length mirror hung upon the wall and the floor was covered with a heavy purple carpet in which gold dragons faded into nothingness. All this the girl observed as if in some garish dream, for she could not move, nor speak. Waves of moon-drempyt madness surged about her.

The old woman released her and stood for a moment watching her, then smiling silently she turned toward the door and drew it softly after her. At the sound of the key turning in the lock, Anna awakened from her trance of terror and rushed to the door. Vainly she twisted the handle. What had possessed her to humor the mad old woman so? Now she must spend the night in this weird room until the servants awoke in the morning and could release her.

Turning, she walked across the room to the mirror and looked at her reflection in the glass. Again the pity returned. Poor old thing, dreaming that her son is alive, she had made believe that he has taken a bride to wear his mother's wedding dress. How gruesome to be married

to a little mouldering corpse lying forgotten in a deserted grave.

Suddenly as she watched, one candle flickered and went out. The other shook wildly as if in the wind. Across the room it cast a long slender shadow. Slowly the dark smudge drew nearer, widening over the golden dragons on the carpet. Then she saw all the shadows hurl themselves together and a young man with solemn eyes stood behind her in the glass. He stretched out a long blue veined hand and the candle light flashed through it as if it had been of glass.

* * * * *

When the housekeeper unlocked the door in the morning to extinguish the candles that her mistress always demanded be kept burning in the dead child's room, she found that they had been snuffed out by the wind, for the window had somehow been left open and the drapes blew back and forth. Of course the room was empty.

Bridge-Building

S. M. B., '42.

"Sorrow built a bridge," they said. She scoffed at them. To her it seemed incredible that the mind of man could conceive this idea. The disfigured bodies which people our hospitals, the dazed minds which roam through our asylums, the broken hearts which despair in our homes; could anything sublime be discerned in them? What loftiness could possibly arise from such depths of penury, misery, gloom? Her youthful heart rebelled.

Then, her own sorrow came, suddenly, mercilessly. From the height of her fanciful aspirings it hurled itself upon her with the force of a thousand avalanches. It blotted out every beam of faith; it crushed every semblance of hope; it broke her very substance beyond repair. And yet, quietly, imperceptibly, from those very ruins a foundation began to appear. Though her heart was smothered, her mind was not overwhelmed. Memories returned to her; memories of a Man, a hill, a Cross in stark outline against a lightning-lit sky. A flame flickered, she felt its warmth, and knew that she lived.

Slowly, her structure grew and spanned the earth, touching the portals of the eternal. At last she stood securely where before she had only flown on pitifully weak wings in dreams. The rashness, the presumption, the self-dependence were gone. In their place remained a universal resignation, an all-embracing trust, a power that is born only of self-abandonment.

Her heart no longer mocked; her whole being bowed in humble acquiescence. Her sorrow built a bridge—to God.

"DREAMS THE DROWSY GODS BREATHE"

(Continued from Page Nine)

For him "the wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told." He desired to create "a little world out of the beautiful things of this marred and clumsy world." He was one of the "impulsive men that look for happiness and sing when they have found it," as he did when he saw *The Wild Swans at Coole*. His later poetry is of a darker grey light, a rather colder mist; it grew more hard and less limpid. The harsh word appeared in the place of the musical; he became more directly concerned with the life of his own time as opposed to "divine people and things that have shaken off their mortality" among whom he had before moved. Yet he never went far from the young man Katherine Tynan wrote of as "all dreams and all gentleness"; the young man who had "grown sweet-tongued by dreaming" never lost that possession of loveliness.

William Butler Yeats wrote poetry that was inspired yet deeply intelligent, full-bodied, satisfying. "Time can never touch him." He created beauty, and beauty like his is timeless. He is gone now but he has left behind a store of the "dreams the drowsy gods breathe on the burnished mirror of the world."

Divine Persuasion

Rabbi,
I walked along Judean hills with You
And saw You feed the multitude
With barley loaves
And fishes few.
But still
My mind was not convinced,
Although I yearned for light to see.

Once more You drew me irresistible
Through darkened streets into Gethsemane:
Some torches flared,
A man advanced
Daringly.
You saw the hatred in his eyes
And read the sneer upon his lips;
But more, You pierced into his soul, and saw
His sin, and black ingratitude.

And then,
Because no anger rankled in Your Breast
Because no hand was lifted up to strike
I recognized my God:
My heart was won, my spirit soared,
Because You uttered,
"Friend."

S. M. B., '42.

"Going Therefore . . ."

JANE WALSH, '39.

A noted convert to the Catholic Church upon being asked to give an account of his conversion began as follows: "My first introduction to the Catholic Church was being spat in the eye by a Roman Catholic boy at school. He was bigger than I, so I let it pass. But I remembered he was a Roman Catholic."

Fortunately, this is not the customary Catholic approach to a non-Catholic but the incident is at least indicative of the fact that in the eyes of his non-Catholic acquaintances the Catholic is a marked man. "But I remembered he was a Roman Catholic." Non-Catholics frequently view their Catholic friends with evident interest and if they are attracted toward the Church, they seek an explanation of Catholic teachings. The non-Catholic is apt to come to his Catholic friends for help and information. To provide such a person with an objective exposition of Catholic doctrine is an obligation imposed upon every Catholic whether a member of the clergy or the laity. Catholics in the diocese of Brooklyn are fortunate to be able to direct their interested non-Catholic friends to a group organized last year by Bishop Molloy and known as the Diocesan Convert Apostolate. This is the first diocese to have such an organization.

The purpose of the Convert Apostolate is to make accessible to non-Catholics an objective presentation of the teachings and practices of the Catholic Church. In November of each year and for five months thereafter, classes are held in parishes designated as centers. In Brooklyn there are forty-five such centers throughout the diocese. A syllabus is supplied to the rectors of the various centers and every effort is made to keep the classes uniform throughout the diocese. Instructions continue weekly. There is no obligation to become a Catholic and no financial outlay is imposed upon those who attend classes. The expenses of the organization are met through the efforts of an auxiliary group and through voluntary contributions. During the past year the number of persons attending instructions was 1,184. Last year a group of five hundred and forty-five persons of all ages and professions were confirmed at an impressive ceremony in St. Rose of Lima Church. At this time Bishop Hunt of Salt Lake City preached. He is the only convert Bishop in this country. Msgr. Hawks of Philadelphia will preach at this year's Confirmation. Plans are being completed for a broadcast of this ceremony.

The need for an organized approach to non-Catholics is thus being answered in a very real way by an organization which may well claim its right to exist from the teaching prerogative of the Church. When classes begin next fall they will inaugurate the third year of the Diocesan Convert Apostolate. An even larger attendance is anticipated. This will mean a need for greater facilities and even more enthusiastic co-operation of the laity.

FRESHMEN LAMENTS

I. Song of a Freshman

It is strange indeed; I cannot
Write the song of a Freshman for
He has none.

The pound, the fees;
The suspicious new faces
Who question our diets
And respective birthplaces.

Credits, cuts, "papers," bells
Make us yearn for padded cells.

These tests, those quizzes,
That Intelligence (?) exam:
"Is an apple a fruit,
Or a parallelogram?"

Is it any wonder he has no song?
Alone, forgotten and so forlorn
Poor Freshman!!

PHYLLIS H. GARDNER, '43.



Patricia Lath, '42.

II. Thoughts On a Dissection

Squirmly crayfish in the pan,
I've cut, and sliced, and drilled,
And all your dainty organs
O'er my desk you've spilled.
Your legs, they float in water
But they're not attached to you,
Your head with big, black, bulging eyes,
Your tails and insides, too.

I'm supposed to understand
How you work, and why
But you won't stick together
So's I can even try.
You're scattered all about, you see
In a most unbecoming way,
I've chased you all about, disgruntled,
Please, I don't want to play!

I don't like this, same as you,
You're not so very pretty
And I've got lots more things to do
Than write this little ditty.

HELEN FENNELLY, '42.

Town Topics

MARION MAGEE, '39.

Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring
And I can't think of a single thing
To put on paper in black and white
To fill a column 'nd keep out of a fight.
If I were to write all the gossip I know,
My reputation would reach a new low.
Professors and students would treat me with scorn
And woe to the day that I was born.
But relax my friends and never fear—
I'll be out of here at the end of the year.

P.S.—If I have bored you with my little ditty
Bear with me, 'twas an attempt to be witty.

If you feel a bit blue or even unspeakably happy about this time, don't be alarmed, you're probably in love. If this is a grave problem in your life, then I suggest that you consult Dr. Anita Lopez (Baby Snooks to you). Her office hours will be posted on the closed bulletin in the locker-room. You wonder at her qualifications? Ask anyone who takes the novel course with her and she'll inform you that when a question on love arises it is always referred to Anita. What more could I add?

Apropos of this, Lillian Arnone is wearing the cutest little thermometer as a piece of jewelry. Come Spring and the thermometer rises.

An unexpected visitor to one of our art classes of late would be rather amazed to find the whole class kneeling on the floor in a circle. No need for alarm though, it's not a seance. The class is only trying to determine what genuine rugs are made of.

Incidentally, if you ever want to learn how to turn the living-room rug in one easy lesson, consult Birdie Antonades who is quite adept at this form of amusement. Demonstrations are given in the Fine Arts class most any Tuesday or Thursday afternoon—by appointment only.

Something is happening to the Freshman class this year. It seems that every time the English Lit. professor asks for a characteristic of Romanticism, the class inevitably answers—"melancholia." Don't you people ever look on the bright side of life?—or is it a premature influence of Spring?

While I was Sherlock Holming around for some gossip, Bernie Johnson told me that the other night just before she fell asleep, she thought of a choice morsel of news, but the next morning she couldn't remember it. This set me thinking (I can always think better after a disappointment), and I decided to make a survey of where most people

do their thinking. The majority of girls do their clearest thinking just before they fall asleep (like my friend Bernie); a minority gather a few thoughts traveling in the trains; and a few have illuminations in the Ethics and Philosophy classes—very few. However, Mary Radigan has the right idea—says it's too much bother and prefers not to think at all. You've got something there, Mary, hold tight!

Helen Brown doubts if she could impress anyone with her cooking when she graduates from college, but she is an authority on period furniture, especially Chippendale chairs. She has made some wonderful sketches that you really should see.

Do you know that we have quite a cosmopolitan faculty? We'll give you the names of some places from whence hail our profs and you try to identify who comes from where: California, Canada, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Spain, North Carolina, Wisconsin, Idaho, and then there's always Brooklyn.

One of our professors must have been reading Confucius lately for he addressed his class thusly—"You are not learned my friends, you are simply learning to be learned." All very confusing!

If you ever pity the poor profs who have to read our long exam papers, take a look at some of these answers and see how amusing we can be without even trying.

"Ignatius Loyola was a revolutionist."

"Darwin had a horrid doubt—he thought he came from a monkey."

"Septuagint—Greek word meaning a stringed instrument or a harp." Original, at any rate.

"The chief festivals of the Jews were the days on which they had a good time."

This one is a honey—"Canon—used in warfare of the Jews."

When children reach the stage of "Why daddy," "Why Mommy," or "Why Miss Gardiner"—the reply used in the nursery school when the answer is obvious is very simple—"You tell me." Well, the other day in class, Miss Gardiner asked if anyone knew what to do when the children asked why we do this or that. The class answered in chorus, "You tell me."

The Juniors still look a little worried because they haven't finished their book reports, while the Seniors look very smug on account of they finished theirs, but that smug look won't last long. Everytime someone mentions the word "budget" a new grey hair appears in the head of every senior. Maybe now they can appreciate how much worry and energy Congress spends in trying to balance the Nation's budget.

Last term Betty Taggart was pupil-teaching and consequently found it very difficult to find a free hour at the same time as Father Fitzgibbon was hearing book reports. She explained to Father that she came in every day, but she missed him all the time. To which Father retorted, "Why, Miss Taggart, I didn't know you felt that way."

One of the girls who teaches Sunday School reports the following

story which happened when she was trying to explain the Mystery of the Blessed Trinity—a little boy with a puzzled expression on his face looked up at her and said, "If the Son is the Second person of the Blessed Trinity is the Moon the third?"

This place is still talking about the excellent shagging Violet Castana and her father did at the Brothers' Club Dance. Mr. Castana certainly made us sit up and take notice.

Mr. McCaffery told Claire O'Neil that the ideas of a well-known man on education were so astounding that they would raise the hair on top of her head. Claire already wears her hair high on top of her head and she wants to know how much higher it can go.

One morning two sophomores got into the Vanderbilt Avenue Trolley and sat down near Mr. Kilcoyne. Said one Soph to the other, "What do you have at nine?" Said the other in reply, "S. S. with that Kilcoyne guy." Did Mr. Kilcoyne say anything? No, sir, he waited till he got her in class.

The Varsity played a swell game against Manhattanville, but they played an even better one against the Faculty. As a result of much betting that went on as to who would be victorious in the fight against our rival of long-standing, Mr. McCaffery couldn't talk to anyone outside of class for a week. However, had we lost this game, Janet Lewis would have had to teach Victorian Lit. for a week. Then Mr. Kilcoyne had to treat the Varsity to dinner (and they went on a diet for two days before the treat); Father Fitzgibbon had to buy them breakfast; Father Dillon had to cook it; Father Wiest had to serve it, while Father Diviney had to do the dishes. That's what you call student control of the Faculty. Even so—I'd better go now and worry about my budget.

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The Voice—St. Francis College, Brooklyn, New York.

The Fordham Monthly—Fordham College, New York.

The Niagara Index—Niagara University, New York.

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